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BRITAIN'S TRIUMPH IN THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY CONTEST AT THE AMAZING SPEED OF 328 MILES AN HOUR: FLYING OFFICER WAGHORN'S VICTORIOUS MACHINE COMPLETING THE COURSE—A VIEW FROM RYDE PIER.

The result of the Schneider Trophy contest on September 7, won by Flying-Officer H. R. D. Waghorn in a Supermarine Rolls-Royce "S6" seaplane, at an average speed of 328.63 miles per hour (about five miles a minute), was a triumph not only for the pilot but for British design in aircraft and aero engines. Actually the greatest speed of the day was attained, on part of the course, by Flying-Officer R. L. R. Atcherley, who did two laps at an average speed of

332.49 m.p.h., and made new world records for 50 and 100 kilometres. He would have been second, with an average speed over the whole 218-mile course of 325.54 m.p.h., but he had to be disqualified for failing to round one of the marks correctly. It has been pointed out that in two years Great Britain has increased her winning speed in this contest (from the 281 m.p.h. attained at Venice in 1927) by 47 miles. Further illustrations appear on pages 443, 444, and 445.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I CANNOT understand why so many modern people like to be regarded as slaves. I mean the most dismal and degraded sort of slaves; moral and spiritual slaves. Popular preachers and fashionable novelists can safely repeat that men are only what their destiny makes them; and that there is no choice or challenge in the lot of man. Dean Inge declares, with a sort of gloomy glee, that some absurd American statistics or experiments show that heredity is an incurable disease and that education is no cure for it. Mr. Arnold Bennett says that many of his friends drink too much; but that it cannot be helped, because they cannot help it. I am not Puritanic about drink; I have drunk all sorts of things; and in my youth, often more than was good for me. But in any conceivable condition, drunk or sober, I should be furious at the suggestion that I could not help it. I should have wanted to punch the head of the consoling fatalist who told me so. Yet nobody seems to punch the heads of consoling fatalists. This, which seems to me the most elementary form of self-respect, seems to be the one thing about which even the sensitive are insensible. These modern persons are very sensitive about some things. They would be furious if somebody said they were not gentlemen; though there is really no more historical reason for pretending that every man is a gentleman than that every man is a marquis, or a man-at-arms. They are frightfully indignant if we say they are not Christians; though they hold themselves free to deny or doubt every conceivable idea of Christianity, even the historical existence of Christ. In the current cant of journalism and politics, they would almost prosecute us for slander if we said they were not Democrats; though any number of them actually prefer aristocracy or autocracy; and the real Democrats in English society are rather a select few. We might almost say that the true believers in democracy are themselves an aristocracy. About all these words men can be morbidly excitable and touchy. They must not be called pagans or plebeians or plain men or reactionaries or oligarchs. But they may be called slaves; they may be called monkeys; and, above all, they may be called machines. One would imagine that the really intolerable insult to human dignity would be to say that human life is not determined by human will. But so long as we do not say they are heathen, we may say they are not human. We may say that they develop as blindly as a plant or turn as automatically as a wheel.

There are all sorts of ways in which this humiliating heresy expresses itself. One is the perpetual itch to describe all crime as lunacy. Now, quite apart from virtue, I would much rather be thought a criminal than a criminal lunatic. As a point not of virtue but of vanity, I should be less insulted by the title of a murderer than by the title of a homicidal maniac. The murderer might be said, not unfairly, to have lost the first fragrance of his innocence, and all that keeps the child near to the cherubim. But the maniac has lost more than innocence; he has lost essence; the complete personality that makes him a man. Yet everybody is talking as if it would be quite natural, and even nice, to be excused for immorality on the ground of idiocy. The principle is applied, with every flourish of liberality and charity, to personalities whom one would imagine quite proud of being personal. It is applied not only to the trivial and

transient villains of real life, but to the far more solid and convincing villains of romance.

I saw the other day that a distinguished doctor had written a book about the madmen of Shakespeare. By which he did not mean those few fantastic and manifest madmen, whom we might almost call professional madmen, who merely witnessed to the late Elizabethan craze for lurid and horrible grotesques. Ford or Webster, or some of their fellows,

doctor"; he is a little too sensitive on the subject of doctors. The whole point of Hamlet is that he is really saner than anybody else in the play; though I admit that being sane is not identical with what some call being sensible. Being outside the world, he sees all round it; where everybody else sees his own side of the world, his own worldly ambition, or hatred or love. But, after all, Hamlet pretended to be mad in order to deceive fools. We cannot complain if he has succeeded.

But, whatever we may say about Hamlet, we must not say this about Macbeth. Hamlet was only a mild sort of murderer; a more or less accidental and parenthetical murderer; an amateur. But Macbeth was a good, solid, serious, self-respecting murderer; and we must not have any nonsense about him. For the play of "Macbeth" is, in the supreme and special sense, the Christian Tragedy; to be set against the pagan Tragedy of Oedipus. It is the whole point about Oedipus that he does not know what he is doing. And it is the whole point about Macbeth that he does know what he is doing. It is not a tragedy of Fate but a tragedy of Freewill. He is tempted of a devil, but he is not driven by a destiny. If the actor pronounces the words properly, the whole audience ought to feel that the story may yet have an entirely new ending, when Macbeth says suddenly: "We will proceed no further in this business." The incredible confusion of modern thought is always suggesting that any indication that men have been influenced is an indication that they have been forced. All men are always being influenced; for every incident is an influence. The question is, which incident shall we allow to be most influential. Macbeth was influenced; but he consented to be influenced. He was not, like a blind tragic pagan, obeying something he thought he ought to obey. He does not worship the Three Witches like the Three Fates. He is a good enlightened Christian, and sins against the light.

The fancy for reading fatalism into this play, where it is most absent, is probably due to the fallacy of a series; or three things in a row. It misleads Macbeth's critics just as it misleads Macbeth. Almost all our pseudo-science proceeds on the principle of saying that one thing follows on another thing, and then dogmatising about the third thing that is to follow. The whole argument about the Superman, for instance, as developed by Nietzsche and other sophists, depends entirely on this trick of the incomplete triad. First the scientist or sophist asserts that when there was a

monkey, there was bound to be a man. Then he simply prophesies that something will follow the man, as the man followed the monkey. This is exactly the trick used by the Witches in Macbeth. They give him first a fact he knows already, that he is Thane of Glamis; then one fact really confirmed in the future, that he is Thane of Cawdor; and then something that is not a fact at all, and need never be a fact at all, unless he chooses to make it one out of his own murderous fancy. This false series, seeming to point at something, though the first term is trivial and the last untrue, does certainly mislead many with a fallacious sense of fate. It has been used by materialists in many ways to destroy the sense of moral liberty; and it has murdered many things besides Duncan.



THE WINNER: FLYING-OFFICER H. R. D. WAGHORN.
HEROES OF THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY CONTEST.



WARRANT OFFICER T. DAL MOLIN,
OF ITALY (SECOND).



FLIGHT-LIEUT. D'ARCY GREIG,
OF GREAT BRITAIN (THIRD).



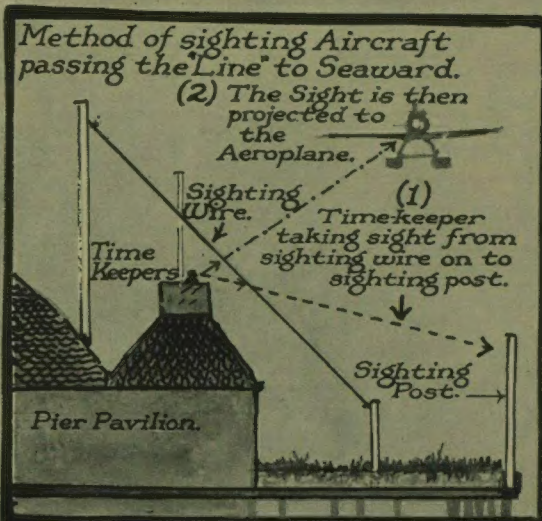
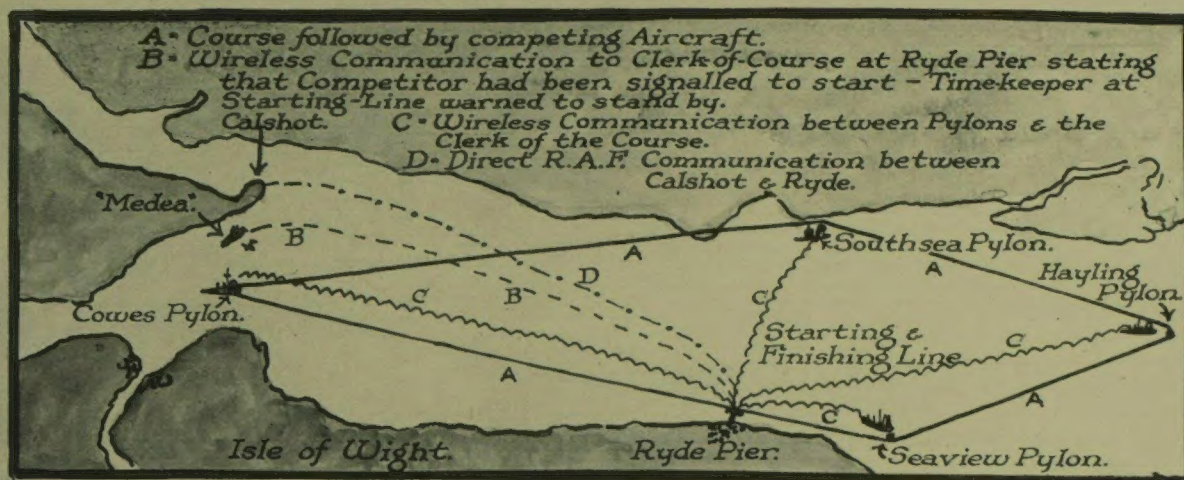
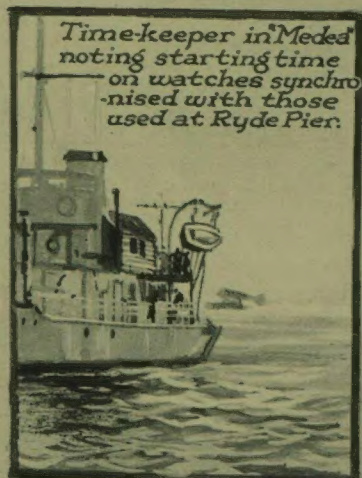
FLYING-OFFICER R. L. R. ATCHERLEY
(RECORD-MAKER).

Flying-Officer H. R. D. Waghorn, in a Supermarine Rolls-Royce "S6" seaplane, won the Schneider Trophy contest for Great Britain, over the Solent course on September 7, with an average speed of 328.63 miles per hour; Warrant Officer Dal Molin, an Italian competitor, in a Macchi machine, was second, with 284.52 m.p.h.; and Flight-Lieut. D'Arcy Greig (Great Britain), in a Supermarine Napier, was third with 282.11 m.p.h. Flying-Officer Atcherley, in a Supermarine Rolls-Royce, would have been second with 325.54 m.p.h., but unluckily was disqualified for taking a corner incorrectly. He made up for it handsomely, however, by breaking both the 100-kilometre and 50-kilometre records, at 331.75 m.p.h. and 332.49 m.p.h. respectively.

would hardly have hesitated to have a ballet or chorus of maniacs, like a chorus of fairies or fashionable beauties. But the medical gentleman seems to have said that any number of the serious characters were mad. Macbeth was mad; Hamlet was mad; Ophelia was congenitally mad; and so on. If Hamlet was really mad, there does not seem much point in his pretending to be mad. If Ophelia was always mad, there does not seem much point in her going mad. But anyhow, I think a saner criticism will always maintain that Hamlet was sane. He must be sane even in order to be sad; for when we get into a world of complete unreality, even tragedy is unreal. No lunatic ever had so good a sense of humour as Hamlet. A homicidal maniac does not say: "Your wisdom would show itself more richer to signify that to his

THE SCHNEIDER CONTEST NERVE-CENTRE: TIMING AT OVER 300 M.P.H.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, AT RYDE, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION. (COPYRIGHTED.)



Flag Pole.

The Time Keepers' Position on Ryde Pier.

Sighting Wire.

Speed Calculating Officer calculating the Speed of the Aeroplane.

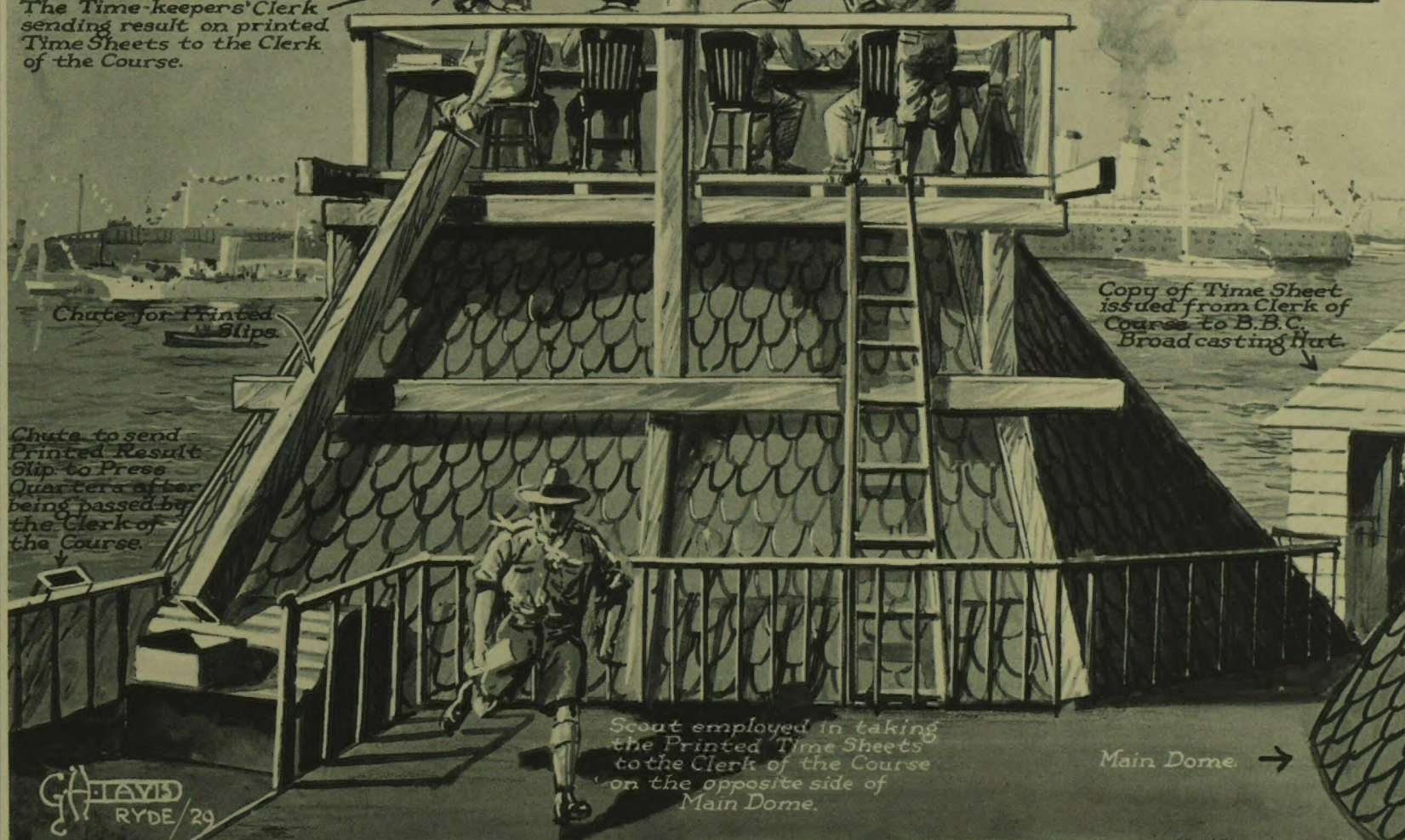
Time Auditor calculating the Time taken by the Aircraft.

Officer for identifying passing machine.

Two Time-keepers, each provided with 4 Chronometric Watches.



The Time-keepers' Clerk sending result on printed Time Sheets to the Clerk of the Course.

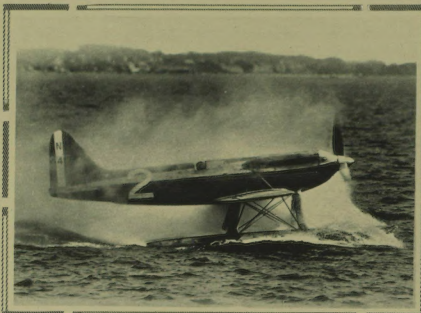


HOW THE AMAZING SPEEDS OF THE SEAPLANES WERE RECORDED: THE TIMEKEEPERS AND THEIR WORK ON RYDE PIER.

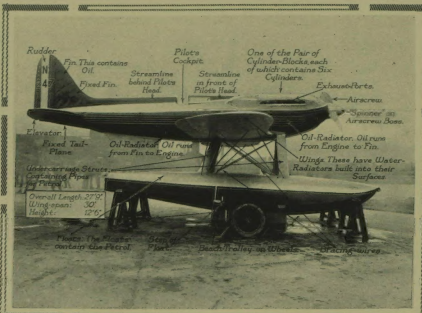
This year the starting and finishing line in the Schneider Trophy Contest was opposite Ryde Pier, and on one of the domes of the Concert Pavilion was erected a wooden structure for the timekeepers, Colonel Lindsay Lloyd and Mr. A. G. Reynolds, each provided with four chronometric watches. The method employed is clearly indicated in the diagrammatic drawings. As the aircraft were signalled to start by gunfire from the "Medea," near Calshot, the timekeeper in the ship noted the time that each machine got away, and informed the Clerk of the Course at Ryde Pier by wireless, who in turn informed the timekeepers at the starting line. Then, as the machine approached, the time-

keepers noted whether it would pass to seaward or landward of their position, and took their sights accordingly. Then, as the machine passed the line of vision over the sights, they both "split" their stop-watches, so that there was a double check all the time. As the machine completed its lap, the time was noted, and this was given to the time auditor, who worked out the time taken and passed his calculations on to the speed calculator, who, on a calculating machine, obtained the speed of the seaplane. The timekeepers' clerk made five copies of the times, which were rushed down a chute to the Clerk of the Course and distributed to the B.B.C. and the Press, as shown in the drawings.

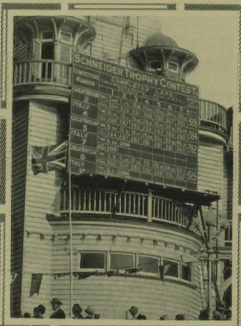
THE GREATEST SEAPLANE EVENT: THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY CONTEST.



THE WINNER TAKING-OFF: FLYING-OFFICER WAGHORN, IN A SUPERMARINE ROLLS-ROYCE "S6," ENVELOPED IN CLOUDS OF SPRAY AT THE START.



THE WINNING SEAPLANE WITH ITS "POINTS" INDICATED: THE SUPERMARINE ROLLS-ROYCE "S6," A NEW TYPE SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE EVENT.



HOW SPECTATORS WERE ENABLED TO FOLLOW THE PROGRESS OF THE CONTEST: A "SCORE-BOARD" ON SOUTHEAST PIER.



THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY ITSELF: THE GIFT OF THE LATE M. JACQUES SCHNEIDER, WHO DIED IN PARIS LAST YEAR—IT IS SAID, IN EXTREME POVERTY.



HOW DISTANT LISTENERS WERE ENABLED TO FOLLOW RESULTS: A B.B.C. OFFICIAL BROADCASTING FROM THE DOME AT HYDE PIER.



THE DESIGNER OF THE WINNING ENGINE: MR. F. H. ROYCE, THE VETERAN HEAD OF MESSRS. ROLLS-ROYCE.



ABOARD THE LINER "ORFORD" AFTER THE CONTEST: A GROUP INCLUDING THE PRIME MINISTER (THIRD FROM LEFT) AND FLYING-OFFICER WAGHORN (BEHIND THE TROPHY).

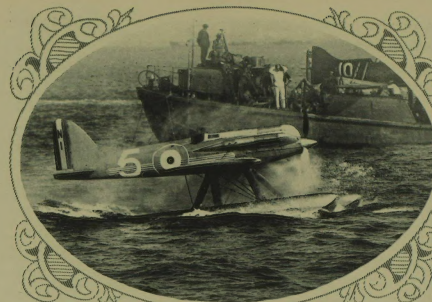


ROYAL CONGRATULATIONS: THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH FLYING-OFFICER WAGHORN AT CALSHOT.

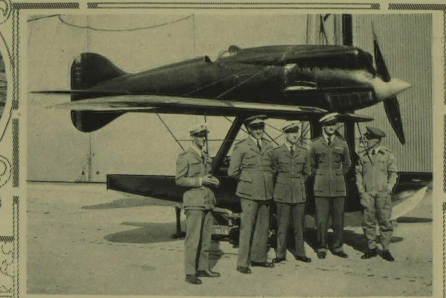
After the Schneider Trophy contest, which (as noted on our front page) was won by Flying-Officer H. R. D. Waghorn, in a Supermarine Rolls-Royce "S6," at an average speed of 320.6 m.p.h., the competing airmen were entertained at an informal banquet in the Orient liner "Orford," and the trophy was presented to the winner by Sir Philip Sassoon, Chairman of the Royal Aero Club. In the above group are seen, from left to right, the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (third from left in front), Squadron-Leader Orlebar (captain of the British team), Lord Thomson (Secretary for Air), Flying-Officer Waghorn (to left of the trophy), Sir Philip Sassoon (to right of trophy), Warrant Officer Dal Molin (the Italian airman who was second), Flight-Lieut. D'Arcy Greig (who was third),

another Italian airman, Flying-Officer Atherley, and General Balbo (Italian Under-Secretary for Air). Flying-Officer Atherley made two new world's speed records. His mistake in cornering, which caused him to be disqualified, was due to losing his goggles just after the start. When the British pilots returned to Calshot, including Mr. R. J. Mitchell, designer of the Supermarine machines, the trophy was presented in 1912 to the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale by the late M. Jacques Schneider, son of the head of the famous gun-factory at Creusot. The lettered photograph of the winning seaplane appeared in our last issue, and is repeated here as an interesting pair to the other photograph of the machine in motion.

FLYING AT FIVE MILES A MINUTE: SCHNEIDER TROPHY MACHINES; AND SPECTATORS.



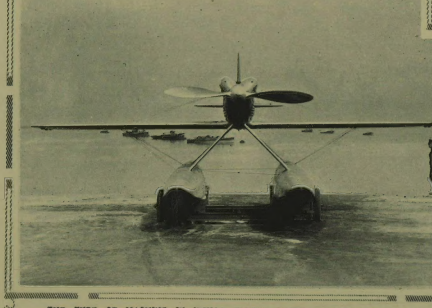
THE SUPERMARINE-NAPIER "S5" (SECOND IN 1927) THAT FINISHED THIRD THIS YEAR WITH 282.11 M.P.H.: FLIGHT-LIEUT. D'ARCY GREIG TAKING OUT.



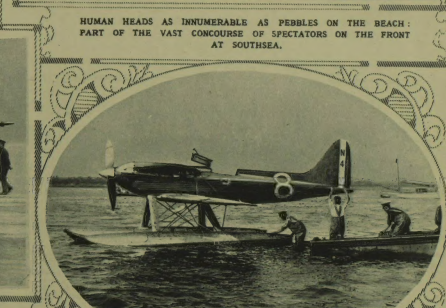
THE ITALIAN MACHINE THAT MADE THE PREVIOUS WORLD'S SPEED RECORD: THE MACCHI S2-BIS IN WHICH WARRANT OFFICER DAL MOLIN WAS SECOND IN THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY CONTEST, WITH 284.2 M.P.H.



HUMAN HEADS AS INNUMERABLE AS PEBBLES ON THE BEACH: PART OF THE VAST CONGREGATION OF SPECTATORS ON THE FRONT AT SOUTHEAST.



THE TYPE OF MACHINE IN WHICH FLYING-OFFICER ATHERLEY ACHIEVED THE GREATEST SPEED OF THE DAY ON PART OF THE COURSE: A FRONT VIEW OF A SUPERMARINE ROLLS-ROYCE "S6."



THE FASTEST FLYING-MACHINE IN THE WORLD: THE SUPERMARINE ROLLS-ROYCE "S6," IN WHICH FLYING-OFFICER ATHERLEY MADE TWO NEW SPEED RECORDS.

Second place in the Schneider Trophy contest on September 7 was taken by the Italian pilot, Warrant Officer Tommaso Dal Molin, who attained an average speed of 284.2 m.p.h. He flew the Macchi S2-Bis machine in which Major Bernharti had made the previous world's speed record of 318.4 m.p.h. The other Italian competitors made plucky attempts on new and almost untried machines. Third place this year fell to Flight-Lieut. D. D'Arcy Greig, whose average speed was 282.11 m.p.h. His machine was the Supermarine-Napier "S5," which finished second in the Schneider Trophy contest of 1927, when it was piloted by Flight-Lieut. Worsley. The greatest speed of this year's contest, over part of the course, was attained by Flying-Officer Atherley, who in a Supermarine Rolls-Royce "S6" did two laps at an average of 332.49 m.p.h., and set up two new

world records, for 50 and 100 kilometres. It was estimated that, over certain straight sections of the course, both he and Flying-Officer Waghorn must have been travelling at over 360 miles an hour. As noted previously, Flying-Officer Atherley was disqualified for taking a corner incorrectly, a mistake due to his goggles having slipped off soon after he had started. He tried vainly to put on another pair, and flew "blind" for over six laps.

THE GOLDEN GATE AT CONSTANTINOPLE:

INTERESTING RESULTS OF RECENT EXCAVATIONS BY THE BRITISH ACADEMY.

By STANLEY CASSON, M.A., *Reader in Archaeology at Oxford and Director of the Excavations at Constantinople.*

THE Golden Gate is one of the most famous and most romantic of all the surviving ancient monuments of Constantinople. It was built by the Emperor Theodosius between the years 388 and 391, and the original inscription (Fig. 1) that decorated the central arch (on both sides) reads: "Theodosius adorned this place, when a tyrant had perished; he who builds the Golden Gate brings in the Golden Age." Since that time legend and history alike have never ceased to busy themselves with the great gateway. Early in its history it was said that to pass through the gateway gave to the passer a chance of becoming Emperor of Constantinople, and it is certain that the final closing of the gateway immediately after the Turkish conquest was effected to prevent any likely but unauthorised candidates from improving their prospects. On the occupation of the city in 1918 by British troops, it was largely said at the time by the citizens that the conquerors had not entered by the Golden Gate, which remained closed, and, as a result, they would not remain long in possession. In fact, they departed only five years later!

The present condition of the great gateway is tragic. It has sturdily survived the repeated earthquake shocks of centuries, but in 1894 a shock more violent than most split one of its two towers and shattered a great deal of the archways. But, as it

excavations to make these matters clear. The clearances made were carried out in conjunction with the Museum of Stamboul by members of the archaeological mission sent by the British Academy.

In front of this great gateway stood a small marble arch, a propylæa to the main entrance. The small and

The finest fragment found is remarkable both for its beauty and for its subject. It is the head of the Moon (Fig. 10) from the relief of Endymion and the Moon. It appears to be of Roman workmanship of Imperial times, but it is an original composition and not a copy after the Greek. The face of the Moon

is seen, melancholy and pathetic. Remarkably enough, she has (though traces only are left) two horns. This is the only surviving representation of this deity shown in that form, and there is no parallel. But this was not the only part of the relief that was discovered; a hand holding a torch was also found (Fig. 9). It is thus possible to get some idea of the whole relief. The Moon, with melancholy and upturned face, with horns upon her head, stood holding out a torch. Of Endymion no traces were found, but one must presume that his figure was at the lower part of the relief, recumbent

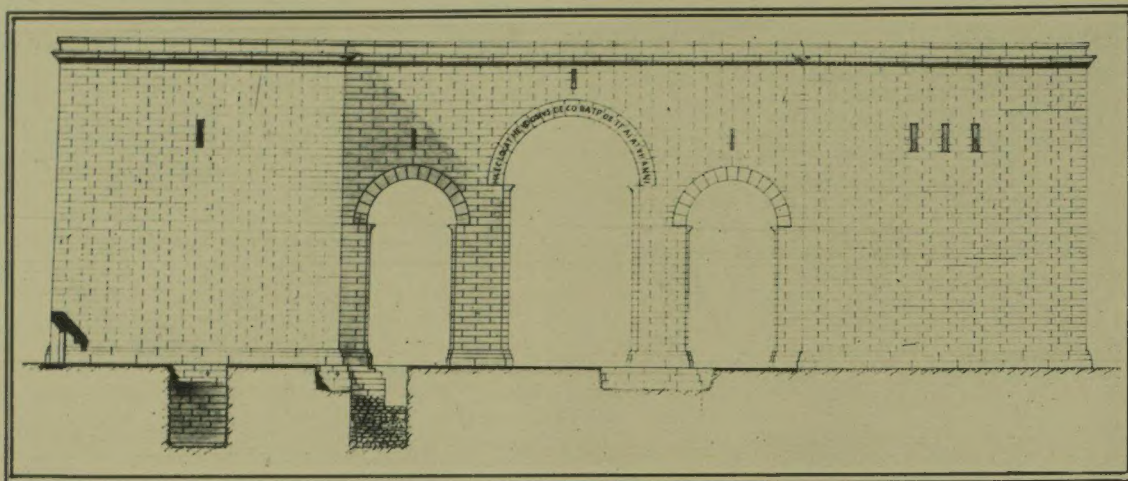


FIG. 1. INSCRIBED (OVER THE CENTRAL ARCH) "HAEC LOCA THEUDOSIUS DECORAT POST FATA TURANNI": THE GOLDEN GATE AS ORIGINALLY BUILT BY THEODOSIUS.

the large gateway alike were used chiefly on the occasion of the return of triumphal Emperors from victorious campaigns. Such was the return from Persia of the old veteran, Heraclius—"When Heraclius came back from the wreck of Ispahan." It was used for the triumphal return of victorious generals of high rank or for the ceremonial entry of Papal Legates and Oriental notables. But usually it was kept closed, and its gilt gates shone in the sun against a background of glittering marble. It was the only State entrance into the city, and the only gate in the whole length of the wall that was wholly of marble.

One interesting aim of the excavations was to clear up a problem of importance. Early travellers had described in detail twelve sculptured reliefs that stood in panels in the wall (Fig. 2) that flanks the outer "Propylæa." They are mentioned first at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and are then described by a succession of travellers, until they vanished finally in 1791. The whole twelve were seen by the French antiquary Gilles in 1544. An attempt was made by Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador of Great Britain to the Porte, in 1625, to secure the reliefs for the famous collection of marbles formed by Lord Arundel. Sir Thomas and a Mr. Petty, an agent of Arundel and of the Duke of Buckingham, tried between them to get the best six reliefs out of the twelve. Sir Thomas thought that even these six were too much damaged, but the professional eye of Petty saw that they were good, and he tried to bribe the local guardians with 600 crowns. "They are in my eye," says Roe in his despatch, "extremely decayed; but Mr. Petty doth so prayse them, as that he hath not seen much better in the great and costly collections of Italy." They tried their best, but in the end failed. The local residents resented most strongly this attempt to remove their landmarks. Roe and Petty were driven off by outraged local patriotism. They were told that "these statues were enchanted," and that if they were taken down "some great alteration would befall the city." "It is true," says Sir Thomas, "though I could not get the stones, yet I almost raised an insurrection in that part of the city!"

From the description of Roe and others we get some idea of what these reliefs were like. We are told that they represented the "Labours of Heracles," "Endymion and the Moon," "Pegasus and the Muses," and other subjects. We were fortunate enough to recover some ten fragments of various reliefs. All except one are small, and it is sad to think that what the citizens defended so pugnaciously in 1625 they allowed to fall into complete ruin a little over a century later. But there was to them, I suppose, all the difference between the depredations of man and those of earthquake and storm.

and asleep. It is thus of no little interest to see at last something of one of the most interesting of the famous reliefs that a British Ambassador strove to acquire, and that the infuriated citizens defended against all comers.

Of the other reliefs described we have only small fragments. Thus there is a part of a figure of one of the Muses, presumably from the relief described as Pegasus and the Muses, and the head of a horse which may, perhaps, be the head of Pegasus. The ruin into which these reliefs have fallen is, alas! too great for us to hope that much more has survived. Somehow or other, by the passage of time, and largely, no doubt, because of the traditional Moslem detestation of artistic representations of the human form, the reliefs were shattered and broken. From the appearance of the panels in which they were fixed (Fig. 2) it seems likely that they were easily detached, and that earthquake played a prominent part in their fall.

The chief results of the excavations, apart from these artistic discoveries, were to reveal in detail the architectural features of the great Golden Gate. The gradual closing up of the once imposing triumphal archway is almost an epitome of the decline and fall of the Eastern Empire. Originally there were three

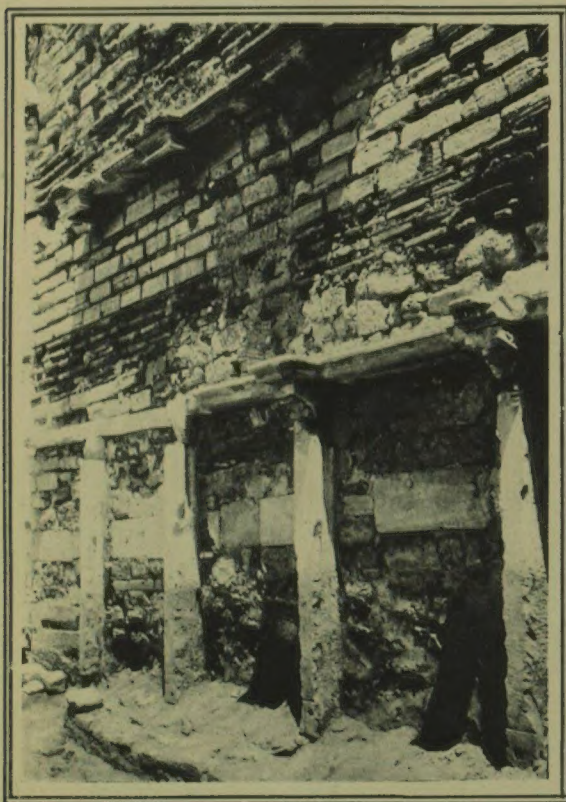


FIG. 2. WHERE STOOD ORIGINALLY THE SCULPTURED RELIEFS WHICH SIR THOMAS ROE TRIED TO REMOVE TO ENGLAND IN 1625: PANELS ON THE RIGHT OF THE GOLDEN GATE, AFTER EXCAVATION.

stands to-day, it is still a magnificent monument (Fig. 6). It consists of a vast triple archway, mostly bricked-up under the arches, flanked by two enormous bastions of white marble which are as splendid to behold as they are practical to defend. They consist of over forty-five courses of marble, each a foot thick, and their foundations go for another twelve courses into the ground. The monument is austere and stately, and harmonises with the great walls of the city that continue on each side from its flanks.

Until the excavations described here were undertaken, the gateway was encumbered with tons of rubbish, its exact architectural history was unknown, and the methods and nature of its construction had been but little studied. It was the object of these



FIG. 3. A RELIC OF THE STORMING OF CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1453: A VENETIAN HELMET, AS WORN BY ITALIAN SOLDIERS AT THE TIME WHEN THE CITY WAS CAPTURED BY THE TURKS, FOUND BELOW THE OUTER GATE.

entrance ways through the three arches, the central being the largest (Fig. 1). Later, perhaps in the time of Justinian, the arched entrances were thought too large for a gateway that stood in the very walls of a city which was constantly beleaguered. Rectangular

[Continued on page 476.]

AN EPITOME OF AN EMPIRE'S FALL: THE GOLDEN GATE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

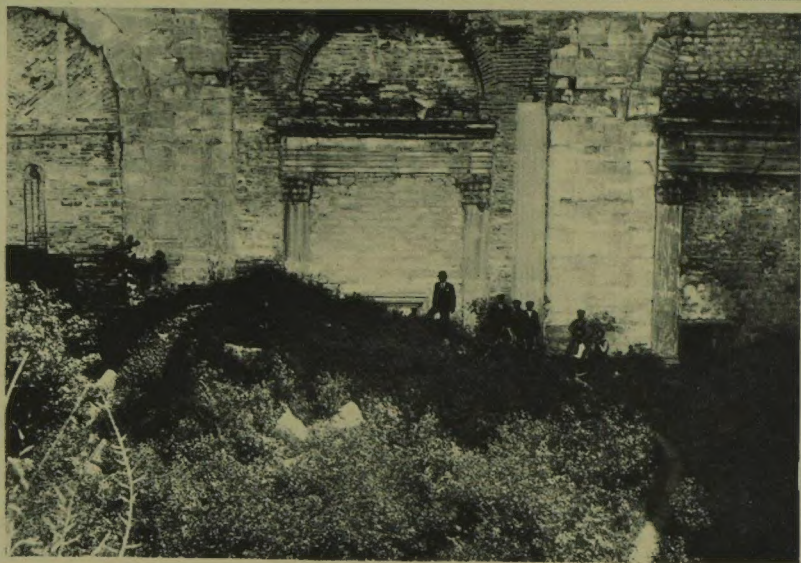


FIG. 4. BEFORE EXCAVATION: THE GOLDEN GATE AT CONSTANTINOPLE—THE MAIN TRIUMPHAL ENTRY, SHOWING THE GREAT ACCUMULATION OF EARTH THAT CLOSED IT.



FIG. 6. "STILL A MAGNIFICENT MONUMENT . . . A VAST TRIPLE ARCHWAY FLANKED BY TWO ENORMOUS BASTIONS OF WHITE MARBLE": A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GOLDEN GATE FROM OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

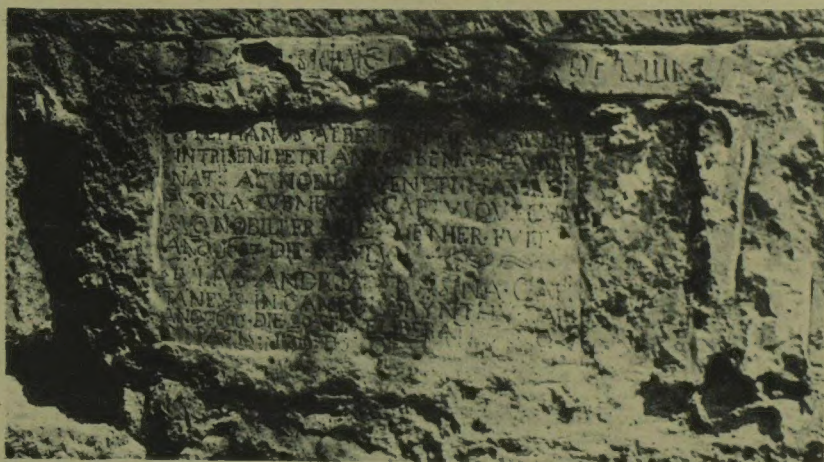


FIG. 8. AN INSCRIPTION CUT BY A VENETIAN NAVAL COMMANDER IMPRISONED THERE FOR SEVEN YEARS: A RELIC OF THE TIME WHEN THE GOLDEN GATE WAS PART OF A TURKISH FORTRESS CALLED "THE SEVEN TOWERS."

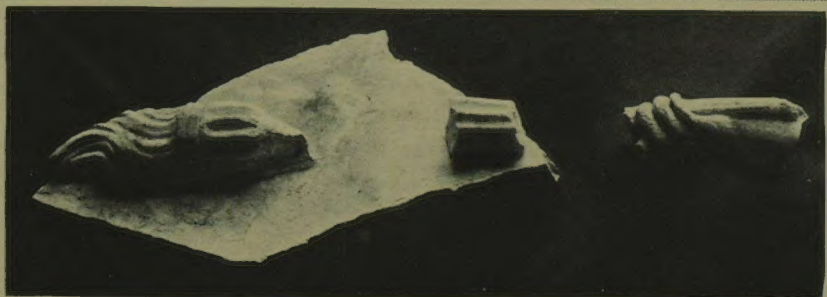


FIG. 9. FRAGMENTS OF SCULPTURE THAT FORMERLY ADORNED THE GOLDEN GATE: THE HAND OF SELENE HOLDING A TORCH, FROM A RELIEF OF ENDYMION AND THE MOON.

The archaeological expedition sent to Constantinople by the British Academy has made very interesting discoveries during the recent excavations at the Golden Gate, carried out in association with the Museum of Stamboul. The latest results of their work are described, on the opposite page, by Mr. Stanley Casson,

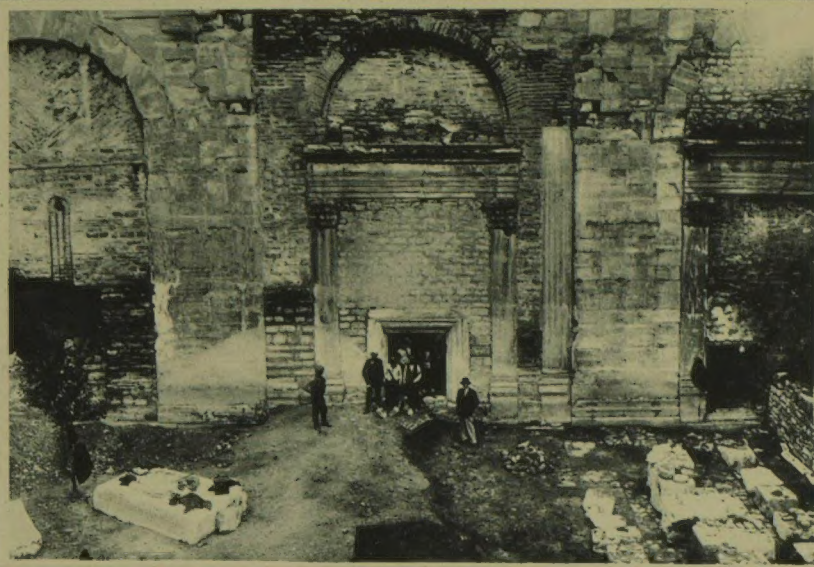


FIG. 5. AFTER EXCAVATION: THE GOLDEN GATE—SHOWING THE PAVED COURTYARD IN FRONT, AND THE GATES GRADUALLY REDUCED IN SIZE—FINALLY TO ONE SMALL ENTRANCE.

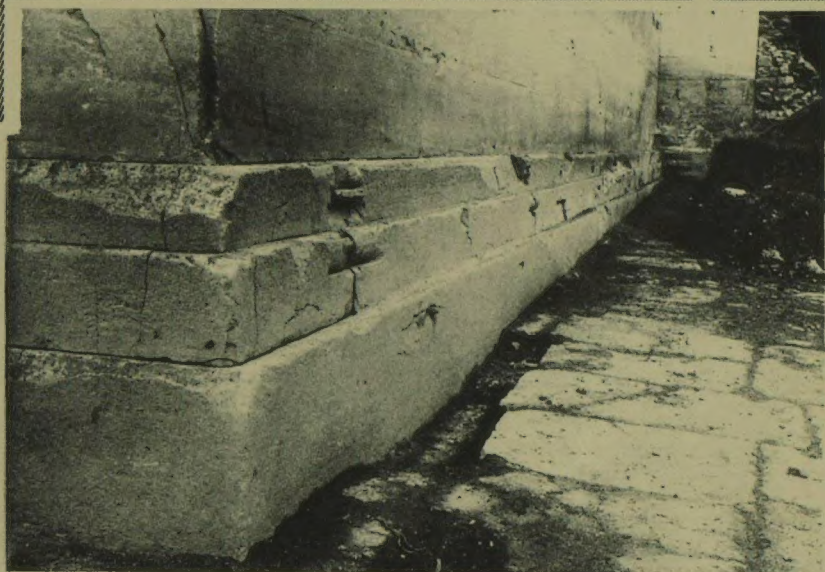


FIG. 7. FOUNDATIONS OF THE NORTH BASTION: THE BASE OF ONE OF THE MARBLE TOWERS, CLEARED TO SHOW THE "GUIDERS" FOR MOULDINGS THAT WERE (FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON) NEVER COMPLETED.



FIG. 10. THE HEAD OF SELENE (THE MOON) FROM A RELIEF OF THE ENDYMION LEGEND: PART OF THE FINEST OF TEN FRAGMENTS OF SCULPTURE FOUND AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

of New College, Oxford, who directed the work. He also conducted the first official excavations on the site of the Hippodrome at Constantinople, two years ago, and described it in an illustrated article published in our issue of April 14, 1928. The Golden Gate at Constantinople, he mentions in his present article, was built by the Emperor Theodosius between the years 388 and 391 A.D. The recent clearances show how "the gradual closing-up of the once imposing triumphal archway is almost an epitome of the decline and fall of the Eastern Empire." As the danger of Turkish invasion increased, it was gradually reduced to one small entrance. Fragments of sculptured reliefs that formerly adorned the Golden Gate have been found, and recall the unsuccessful attempt of an English Ambassador, in 1625, to secure these sculptures, much in the same way as the Elgin Marbles were afterwards brought from Athens.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. STANLEY CASSON, M.A., DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY EXCAVATIONS. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

"CONDUISEZ MONSIEUR À L'ABBAYE."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRES": By G. LENOTRE.*

(PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON.)

To understand the September Massacres, it is vital to appreciate things as they were in Paris when, as Francis Montague has it, the elections to the Convention being at hand, "the Commune resolved to strike the public with terror by the slaughter of its prisoners, and found its opportunity in the progress of invasion." M. Lenotre sums

would dare to reproduce more than a moiety of its awfulness.

The procedure was simple. The accused was haled before a tribunal in the gaol, and he was phenomenally lucky if the hearing did not conclude with an instruction as deceptive as it was deadly. The author comments: "One of the most striking indications that the massacres were not due to an explosion of popular fury, but that they must be regarded as the result of skilful preparation and by previous agreement, is that the judges at La Force, to avoid any scenes of violence inside the prison, did not pronounce the death sentence in the presence of the condemned prisoner; they merely said, 'Conduisez Monsieur à l'Abbaye' (take the gentleman to the Abbaye). The unfortunate man, thinking that he was only being transferred from one prison to another, quietly followed his executioners. At the Abbaye the death sentence was: 'Conduisez Monsieur à La Force.' This similarity of procedure is in some degree the proof that orders had been given and that the various groups of assassins were obeying the same instigation."

So the victim stepped to his doom—had his soul pulled inside out, to quote the cant phrase of the day. The killers were in waiting. Let a woman speak—the Marquise de Tourzel—succoured by that mysterious M. Hardy who seems to have been "a certain Jean Hardy, shoemaker, aged thirty-six, elector of the department of Paris, for the section des Droits de l'Homme." She was escorted into the street. "There was a kind of mountain against the wall; it was formed of the severed limbs and bloody garments of those who had been butchered at this spot; a crowd of murderers surrounded this pile of corpses; two men were mounted on it, armed with sabres and covered with blood. It was they who executed the unhappy prisoners who were brought there one after the other. They were made to climb up on to this pile of corpses on the pretence that they were to take the oath of fidelity to the nation. But as soon as they were at the top they were struck down, butchered and handed over to the people. Their bodies, thrown on to the corpses of those who had preceded them, helped to form this horrible mountain, the sight of which so much appalled me." None will wonder at the action of the "Old Man" of "Souvenirs d'un Vieillard ou les Faits restés ignorés des 10 août, 3, 4, 5, 9, et 12 septembre 1792": "The murderers came to Mme. de Tourzel and wished to force her to kneel down on the bodies which formed the base and to take the oath. It was with the sole intention of sparing her from casting her eyes on such a repugnant scene that I ventured to cover her face and ears with a large hat." Indeed, the more squeamish will wish for that large hat when they encounter the gory ghosts that have been evoked by M. Lenotre, who is determined that History must not be false, even though—according to Gibbon—it is "little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind." In other words, it must be chronicled that had "The September Massacres" been published before the present period of outspokenness—the best-seller era of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and the rest—some of its spades would have been agricultural implements, and not, as they are, closer akin to adjectival shovels. Few, however, will cavil in the circumstances; for it is futile to be maudlin about murder; notwithstanding the distress that may attend the repellent details of the slaying of the Princess de Lamballe and the sickening maltreatment of her mangled body, of the starvation of the Durand known to Maton de la Varenne, of the bacchantes of the dead-carts, of the unnamable "trophies" of sadists, of brutes heavy-armed with slashing, of reeking pikes and swords, sabres, bayonets, and clubs, of gutters running red, of villains who "kept drinking brandy into which Manuel had had gunpowder put in order to sustain their fury."

And they will understand how it came to be set down: "Then began the system of indiscriminate slaughter which made Paris a byword among the nations," when they stumble with the recusant priests to their graves in the Carmelite Convent, and when they recall the oft-cited words of Jourgniac de Saint-Méard: "What preoccupied us most was to determine what position we should assume in order to receive death in the least painful fashion when

we arrived in the arena of the massacre. From time to time we sent some of our comrades to the turret window to inform us as to the position adopted by the unhappy people who were being killed, so that from their report we could decide which one we should do best to choose ourselves. They reported to us that the people who raised their hands suffered much longer because the force of the sabre strokes was deadened before it reached their heads; that there were some whose hands and arms fell before the body, and that those who put them behind their backs must suffer much less. Well, it was upon these horrible details that we deliberated. . . . We calculated the advantages of the last-named position and advised one another to adopt it when our turn came to be massacred. . . ."

And here remark the custom at La Force, as retailed by Weber, *valet de chambre* to Queen Marie Antoinette, whose foster-brother he was. He was discharged, and compelled to enlist for frontier service. He writes: "Two armed men, who had learnt what had happened, took me by the arms and forcibly led me, amidst cries of 'Vive la nation,' to the door opening on to the street. There they made me halt and passed through the wicket in front of me: this was the signal to the murderers waiting outside that they should spare the person who had just been tried; on the other hand, those whom the tribunal sent à l'Abbaye or à Coblenz went through the door ahead of the guards and were butchered on this fatal threshold."

A few won the fraternal kisses of the Court; many marched to martyrdom. How many were saved and how many slain is one of the secrets. Some estimate the victims of the Septembrists at from eight to ten thousand; a more conservative count is Mr. Montague's 1400, which approximates to Taine's 1368. M. Lenotre inclines towards 1176 as the "Number of Citizens who were punished by the justice of the people and whose death has been authenticated by the prison registers or by an official test" and to

[Continued on page 484.]



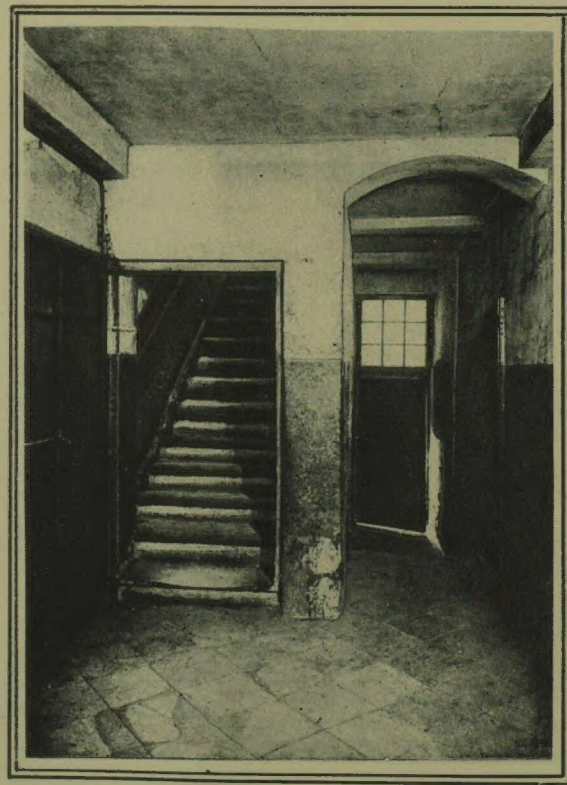
SHOWING (ON THE LEFT), AT THE CORNER OF THE STREET) THE STONE ON WHICH THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN KILLED: LA FORCE—THE RUE DU ROI-DE-SICILE FRONTAGE.

Reproduced from "The September Massacres," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson.

up: "On and after August 10th there were brought every day to the prisons in the Rue du Roi-de-Sicile and the Rue Pavée a number of suspects who had been arrested in all the sections of Paris; they were either compromised by their attachment to the Royal Family or merely suspected of regretting the fall of the Royal régime which had already been virtually abolished. . . . All that need be noted now is that the prisons were being filled with 'aristocrats,' that this fact was known in Paris, and that the Government and the revolutionary Commune, sitting at the Hotel de Ville, were hesitating as to the best way of getting rid of these embarrassing burdens, whether by deportation or otherwise."

"Speakers at public meetings and stump orators at street corners excited the mob against the prisoners. . . . Historians have often told of the treacherous skill with which the mob was 'worked up.' On August 27th took place, with great pomp, the funeral of the patriots murdered by the aristocrats during the attack on the Tuileries. The corpses of the victims were paraded through the streets of the city on a sarcophagus drawn by oxen; the widows and orphans followed, clad in white robes with black girdles. Then a rumour was spread round that the Prussians were at the gates. Paris was threatened with bombardment; all fit men must go forth to face the foe. In their absence, what would become of the women and old men, left to the tender mercies of the counter-revolutionaries with whom the prisons were swarming, men who had sworn to exterminate the patriots?"

The stage was set; and there was played upon it a drama so sanguinary that no Grand Guignol



THE MURDER OF THE RECUSANT PRIESTS: THE CORRIDOR OF THE MASSACRE AT THE CARMELITE CONVENT—THE SITE OF THE TRIBUNAL ON SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1792 (PRESENT STATE).

"When one goes into this gloomy monastery in the Rue de Vaugirard, which is haunted by such terrible ghosts, one finds the scene of the massacre striking and unaltered. Here is the little door through which the victims were called; here is the passage through which they were thrust to their death; it was along these flagstones that they stumbled; there is the site of the massacre; amidst the branches of a climbing plant is the simple inscription: HIC CECIDERUNT (Here they fell)."

Reproduced from "The September Massacres," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson.

* "The September Massacres: Accounts of Personal Experiences Written by Some of the Few Survivors of the Terrible Days of September 2nd and 3rd, 1792, Together with a Series of Hitherto Unpublished Police Reports." By G. Lenotre, Author of "The Guillotine and its Servants," etc. Illustrated. (Hutchinson and Co.; 21s. net.)

DOMESTIC LIFE OF POLAR EXPLORERS: WITH BYRD IN THE ANTARCTIC.



AT THE BYRD EXPEDITION BASE NAMED "LITTLE AMERICA": DOG-DRAWN SLEDGES USED TO HAUL SUPPLIES LANDED FROM THE SHIPS AT THE EDGE OF THE ICE BARRIER.



LOCAL FOOD SUPPLIES AT THE BASE: SEALS READY TO BE SKINNED, AND THE MEAT STORED AWAY FOR THE LONG WINTER MONTHS.



THE EXPEDITION'S COOK: ARTHUR B. CREAGH CUTTING BREAD IN THE CAMP KITCHEN BEFORE THE ROOF AND SIDES WERE PUT UP.



THE DOGS AND THEIR DRIVER, NORMAN VAUGHAN: SEVERAL OF THE TEAMS USED TO HAUL SUPPLIES FROM THE ICE BARRIER TO THE BASE.



LETTERS FROM HOME: THE FIRST ANTARCTIC MAIL, BROUGHT BY THE "ELEANOR BOLLING," BEING DISTRIBUTED AT THE ICE BARRIER.



COMMANDER BYRD CUTTING THE CAKE ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1928: YULETIDE FESTIVITIES IN THE ANTARCTIC, COMPLETE WITH CHRISTMAS TREE.

These photographs form an addition to our series of illustrations of Commander Richard E. Byrd's Antarctic Expedition, a series begun in our issue of May 4, and continued in those of May 11 and July 20. The expedition comprises two

ships, the "City of New York" and "Eleanor Bolling," 86 men, and 4 aeroplanes. Commander Byrd reached the Great Ice Barrier last Christmas Day, and, as shown in one of the above photographs, the festive occasion was duly celebrated. As we have previously noted, he announced in February that he had discovered and mapped from the air some 10,000 miles of hitherto unknown territory, containing a mountain range, with lofty peaks, larger than that which he had already seen and named the Rockefeller range. This new territory, which lies between the Ross Sea and Grahamsland, he named Marie Byrd Land, after his wife. The high peak was described as resembling the Matterhorn. The total area of new territory found was subsequently stated to be about 20,000 square miles.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

A BUTTERFLY'S WING.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE other day my attention was rivetted, for a brief space, by three Red-admiral butterflies drinking nectar from the heads of a group of teasels in a friend's garden. Alternately opening and closing their wings, they presented, now a wide expanse of seeming black velvet with brilliant bands of scarlet, enhanced by patches of glistening white, and now a dimming of their splendours by raising the wings over the back until the two seemed as one. Yet the surfaces exposed to view were still indescribably beautiful. For the exposed portion of the fore-wing displayed the same pattern as that of the upper surface, though the red bands were toned down to a lively pink, passing, at each end, into white. The hind-wing was of a totally different coloration, being mottled in various shades of brown, and marked by wavy lines of black. This description reads, indeed, but tamely, and this because no words that I can command can express the subtle gradations of colour that these sober hues presented.

Scores and scores of times I have watched this, and many another of our native butterflies. We can most of us, indeed, call the common species by name—the Red-admiral, the Tortoise-shell, the Painted-lady, the Peacock, Fritillaries, and Blues, the Brimstones, and so on. Yet, I think there are not so very many, even of those who feel a glow

of pleasure in watching these elfin creatures revelling in the sunshine, who have realised the extraordinarily complex nature of these wings, and their coloration.

It is a matter of common knowledge that if a butterfly's wing be squeezed between the fingers, yet not so roughly as to break up its substance, the colour will be removed in the form of excessively fine powder, which, examined under the micro-

scope, is found to be formed of a vast number of exquisite and symmetrically formed scales, varying immensely in shape according to the species of butterfly from which they have been taken. To appreciate these marvels, the colouring as we see it in the living body should be carefully examined, as, for example, in the the right-hand photograph (Fig. 4), showing the upper and under surfaces of the outspread wings.

Next turn to the photograph (Fig. 3) showing a portion of the upper surface of the wing, as seen through the microscope. Here, it will be noted, the beautifully mottled pattern has vanished. In its place we find row upon row of scales, overlapping like tiles on a roof. Each has a corrugated surface, and a notched free edge. In Fig. 2 two scales, still more highly magnified, are shown, and we can see the short stalk for attachment to the wing-membrane shown in Fig. 1. This stalk fits into a socket, to be referred to presently.

Let us return for a moment to the scales, and their relation to the coloration of the wing. This is due partly to minute particles of pigment contained within the scale, and partly to the

corrugations or striations of its surface. The beautiful iridescence of the wings of the famous Blue butterflies of the genus *Morphos*, for example, owe their changes of colour to the surface-markings of the scales, and not to the pigment within the scale, which is dark brown.

Removal of the scales reveals the wing-membrane, which, like that of bees and wasps and dragon-

flies, is perfectly transparent, and strengthened by numerous thickened hollow rods known as the "nervures," or the "veins." These supporting rods are extremely important aids to classification, since each of the main groups of butterflies has its own system of branching. But, more than this: however much butterflies' wings may differ from one another in this respect, they all follow the same

general plan, which differs from that of all other insects, as can readily be seen if, say, the wings of a dragon-fly, a house-fly, and a beetle or a grasshopper are compared with those of a butterfly. The large space, or "cell" from which other nerves diverge, seen at the base of the fore-wing of the Red-

admiral (Fig. 1) is found only in the wings of butterflies and moths.

The wing-membrane appears to be formed of a single sheet of, say, transparent celluloid, but, as a matter of fact, it is made up of two closely opposed layers, which, just before the insect emerged from the chrysalis, were widely separated, forming a bag-like cavity filled with fluid. But, stretched across this cavity from one wall to the other were a number of elastic fibres, which, by their rapid contraction, drove out the fluid into the body, thus bringing the two walls together. On emergence from the chrysalis, the wings are crumpled or folded up closely together, but on exposure to the air they rapidly expand to their full size, and then harden.

The more one concentrates on the scales, and the problems they present, the more remarkable they



FIG. 1. THE FORE-WING (ABOVE) AND HIND-WING OF THE RED-ADMIRAL AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE SCALES. The wing-membrane has the appearance of a sheet of transparent celluloid traversed by branching strengthening supports known as the "veins," or "nervures." In the fully-developed wing this membrane appears to be formed of a single sheet, but it is really composed of two layers which become blended into one.

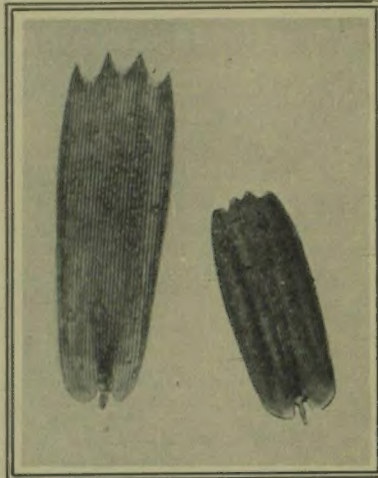


FIG. 2. TWO OF THE SCALES OF A RED-ADMIRAL STILL MORE HIGHLY MAGNIFIED THAN IN FIG. 3.

Under a high power of the microscope the scales, which assume many forms, are seen to have a striated surface. In some butterflies these striations give rise to what are known as "interference-colours," changing the hue of the wing according to the incidence of the light, and producing gorgeous colour-effects.



FIG. 3. PART OF THE UPPER SURFACE OF THE WING OF A RED-ADMIRAL: SCALES HIGHLY MAGNIFIED. When any portion of a wing is placed under the microscope the pattern of the coloration disappears, owing to the enormous magnification. But this reveals the source of the coloration—serried ranks of scales; roughly, for the whole wing, one million. These scales overlap like tiles on a roof, and are attached to the wing-membrane by a short stalk fitting into a socket.

All Photographs on the Page by W. H. Tams.



FIG. 4. THE RED-ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY: THE UPPER (ABOVE) AND UNDER SURFACES OF THE OUTSPREAD WINGS.

Both sexes are coloured alike. Below the white spots in the fore-wing is a vivid scarlet band, and another runs along the outer border of the hind-wing. The under-surface (lower figure) is also very beautifully coloured, but is here more subdued, and is seen only when the wings are closed, which is done by bringing the upper surfaces close together over the back.

become. In the first place they enforce our attention by the superlative beauty of the coloration to which they give rise when seen *en masse*—in the living insect, or in cabinet specimens: for under the microscope the coloration and the consequent pattern disappears, though in exchange for new wonders. It is not merely the gorgeous satin-like sheen of blue and green displayed by the genus *Morpho*, or the intricate patterns formed of strongly contrasted colours of, say, our Red-admiral or Painted-lady; for many of the less resplendent butterflies and moths are found to be exquisitely beautiful when carefully examined.

That the coloration is more or less governed by external conditions, such as the need for concealment, is shown by the fact that, where the bright colours have to be hidden by the insect when at rest, the mantle of invisibility is worn, in the butterfly, upon the under-surface of the wing, because the wings are closed by bringing them together over the back. In the moth the bright hues are displayed on the upper surface of the under-wing, since this is covered when at rest by the upper wing, which is held horizontally, and is "protectively coloured," as, for example, in our Red- and Yellow-Underwings.

THE MYSTERY OF SATURN—NOW 2500 MILES OUT OF ITS COURSE.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A. (COPYRIGHTED.)



HAS SATURN AN UNKNOWN MOON? STRANGE DEVIATIONS IN THE ORBIT OF THE PLANET, WHOSE FAMOUS RINGS ARE THIS YEAR AT THEIR MAXIMUM TILT TO THE EARTH.

"The planet Saturn, which now adorns our evening skies," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton in a note on his drawing, "has recently been found by Professor W. H. Pickering to be revolving slowly about a point distant some 2500 miles from its centre of gravity. Such a large deviation from its theoretical orbit is attributed by Professor Pickering to the disturbing influence of a distant and very massive satellite, revolving round Saturn in a period of fourteen years. Calculation shows that it should be now situated some 2 degrees E. of Saturn. Photographs of this region are being taken at the Mount Wilson Observatory. Professor Pickering thinks that such a body may have escaped detection on account of

its possibly feeble reflective power, which may be no greater than that of the dark lunar plains. Hence it is probably of only the twelfth magnitude. The marvellous rings which girdle the planet are now also engaging the attention of astronomers, for they are this year displayed at their maximum tilt to the Earth, as shown above. Not again for fifteen years will they be similarly manifested. Why Saturn should possess such strange appendages is as much a problem as it was to Galileo in 1610. They are probably composed of materials prevented from aggregating into one solid mass by the planet's enormous tidal forces. They may even be shoals of electrons shot out of Saturn by light-pressure."

THE ARAB-JEWISH RIOTS IN PALESTINE: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SERIOUS OUTBREAK.



A CROWD OUTSIDE THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, JERUSALEM, AT THE FUNERAL OF ABRAHAM MIZAL: THE PLACE WHERE THE TROUBLES BEGAN, ON AUGUST 23, AND THE POLICE MADE A BÂTON CHARGE.



THE WRECKED INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN THE JEWISH GARDEN CITY OF TALPITH, NEAR JERUSALEM: A TYPICAL SCENE OF DESTRUCTION.



SHOWING JEWS RUNNING IN FEAR OF THEIR LIVES WHEN MOSLEMS LEFT THE MOSQUE AFTER MIDDAY PRAYER: A STREET SCENE IN JERUSALEM.



TWO BRITISH ARMOURD CARS OUTSIDE THE HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, ALSO USED AS GENERAL DOBBIE'S HEADQUARTERS, NEAR THE DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

THE DAMASCUS GATE AT JERUSALEM BEING CLOSED FOR COFFEE AT 6.30 P.M.: A MEASURE THAT HAD NOT BEEN FOUND NECESSARY FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.



ARABS ATTACKING JEWISH BUILDINGS IN A SUBURB OF JERUSALEM, ONE OF THE FIRST



SEARCHING ARABS FOR ARMS IN THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM: AN INCIDENT, NEAR THE JAFFA GATE, AFTER THE CARRYING OF WEAPONS HAD BEEN FORBIDDEN.



A RED CROSS MARKED ON THE CORNER OF A CHRISTIAN HOUSE. A SIGN USED FOR PROTECTION DURING THE CONFLICT BETWEEN JEWS AND MOSLEMS.



WHERE FIRING AND BOMB-THROWING OCCURRED, ON AUGUST 23: SHOOTING INCIDENTS.

SCENES OF DESTRUCTION AT JERUSALEM; AND BRITISH FORCES RESTORING ORDER.



AN ARMOURD TRAIN IMPROVISED BY TROOPS LANDED FROM H.M.S. "SUSSEX": BRITISH FORCES PATROLLING THE RAILWAY FROM EL ARISH, ON THE EGYPTIAN BORDER, THROUGH LUDD TO HAIFA.



AN EXAMPLE OF VIOLENCE IN JERUSALEM: A JEWISH HOUSE NEAR THE DAMASCUS GATE BURNED AND PLUNDERED ON AUGUST 27.



A RUN ON THE POST OFFICE AT JERUSALEM FOR THE TRANSMISSION OF NEWS: A QUEUE OF PEOPLE WAITING TO SEND TELEGRAMS.

At the moment of writing, order has apparently been restored in Palestine, as for two successive days the Colonial Office was able to announce that the situation was generally quiet, and that it had been possible to withdraw some of the outlying detachments of troops, though disaffected areas were still being patrolled. Police forces supplemented by troops, it was added, had recovered a certain amount of looted property. Some of the above photographs were among the first to reach England after the troubles began in Jerusalem on August 23, and relate, of course, to the earlier incidents. The first reports stated that after the noon prayer on that date a number of Moslems came out of the Walled City and attacked some of the Jewish quarters outside, whereupon racial riots ensued. Our first illustration (in the top left corner) shows what is described as the start of the disturbances, which arose out of incidents at

the Walling Wall in Jerusalem—a demonstration outside the General Post Office at the funeral of a Jew who had been stabbed by an Arab. During the procession an attempt was made to force the cordon preventing its access to the Walled City, and the police made a baton charge. The total number of those killed in the subsequent fighting up to September 5 was given as 119 Jews, 87 Moslems, and 4 Christians. The British authorities took prompt measures to quell the disorder, using troops, aircraft, armoured cars and an armoured train, while several war-ships were sent from Malta. Many arrests were made. On September 4 the High Commissioner issued a proclamation, in which he said: "Since crimes are known to have been perpetrated by both Arabs and Jews, all offenders, without distinction of race or creed, will be brought to trial before the Courts to be set up under the Ordinance enacted by me yesterday."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHEN reviewing books in the bulk, it is sometimes convenient, for purposes of classification, to "think in continents." At the moment, I am thinking (or rather, in the present state of the thermometer, allowing my thoughts to sizzle) in the continent of Africa. It has the reputation of always producing something new, and that is at least true of the publishing trade, as witness nine books that lie before me, wholly or in part of African origin.

While not contemplating a Cape-to-Cairo trip, after the manner of modern travellers, I will begin with a biography of a great South African—"GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA." By Dr. F. V. Engelenburg, Editor of *Die Volkstem*, Pretoria. With Introduction by General Smuts, Portraits, Maps, and other Illustrations (Harrap; 15s.). This is a book which everyone interested in South Africa, and in Empire development generally, should read and ponder. It is a clear and impartial story of events, and a worthy record of the patriot who guided his country, with large-minded wisdom, through the two gravest crises of her history. General Smuts, who in 1919 delivered an eloquent funeral oration over his old friend, pays him here another high tribute: "Great as soldier and as statesman, the leader of the Transvaal through the Boer War, the architect above all others of the Union of South Africa, the saviour of his people and its honour in 1914, his achievement is indeed unique."

In writing the memoir, Dr. Engelenburg also had the advantage of long and close personal acquaintance with his hero, and the result is a life-like portrait of one who was not only a great leader, but a singularly winning personality. Commending the work to English readers, General Smuts says: "In the Afrikaans original it appeared to me to be a fair, reasonable, and true picture of the man who, more than any other, dominated the South African stage for the first two decades of this century. With Lord Buxton's earlier work, it will probably remain for years the authoritative presentation of General Botha."

Mention of South Africa's second Governor-General brings me to an excellent book by a namesake of his—"TRAVELS AND REFLECTIONS." By the Right Hon. Noel Buxton, M.P. Illustrated (George Allen and Unwin; 10s.). The length of a travel-book is too often in inverse ratio to its quality, but Mr. Buxton combines economy of words with variety of subject and vivacity of treatment. He has compressed into a moderate space the quintessence of a wide experience—among the Kurds; in the Balkans (before and during the Balkan War of 1912); in Persia, climbing mountains in Japan, and (here we touch our particular continent) in Northern Africa and the Sahara. One specially interesting passage describes an educated young Turk's attempt (nearly successful) to assassinate the author and his brother in Bucharest, and subsequent conversations with his would-be slayer.

"After a genial talk," Mr. Buxton writes, "I drew my revolver (carefully unloaded), and offered it to Hassan, saying, 'Shoot me now if you wish.' Hassan recoiled with a gesture of repugnance. Human contact brings natural instincts into play. Our sense of one another had become too vivid: we were no longer abstractions to each other—the assassin on one side, the Anti-Turk on the other. If every man's imagination penetrated the murky barriers of emotion, killing in war and in crime would become impossible."

In Africa the author had an interesting adventure in the Sahara with the present Prime Minister. They were motor-ing, and came to one of those sudden and temporary torrents caused by a storm in distant mountains. "Within five yards of the edge, the engine was out, water rushing over the bonnet, and the car heeling over. Being on the lower side, I had the prospect of being pinned under water and began to climb to the upper side . . . but by good fortune my companion was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who displayed the calm of great men—with superb circumspection he counselled sitting still, and quickly noticed that the water line at the bank was falling . . . Instead, therefore, of trying to wade out, which would have been fatal, we waited."

One of the most difficult problems that confront Prime Ministers and Governments, in an Empire such as our own, is the treatment of native races and the best way of adapting their customs and beliefs to civilised conditions. Obviously the first task for an administrator is to learn the growth and origin of these customs and beliefs in his particular locality. Such knowledge in respect of one region in West Africa is provided in a work of immense erudition entitled "ASHANTI LAW AND CONSTITUTION." By Captain R. S. Rattray, M.B.E.—Gold Coast Political Service. With Diagrams, Tables, and 142 Plates (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 25s.).

"There are two schools of thought," writes the author, "as to the lines on which the progress of West Africa should be directed. The older school would relegate all that curious spiritual past which it has been my endeavour to set forth, if not to the African's own kitchen middens, at least to shelves and glass cases . . . for these beliefs this school would substitute European civilisation. . . . The direction of modern thought has been veering round happily to . . . 'the retention of all that is best in the African's own past culture.'" On the political side, the author says: "the whole of the present volume has a more or less direct bearing on the conception of the kingly office in West Africa."



EGRET-FARMING IN A FLOOD-MENACED DISTRICT OF INDIA: BIRDS THAT HAUNT OVERFLOW WATERS FROM THE INDUS, HOUSED IN REED PENS NEAR A LAKE IN UPPER SIND.

This photograph was taken at a Mohana village beside the Manchhar Lake, in the Larkana District of Upper Sind—a province affected by the recent floods on the Indus. "Some of the more enterprising Mohanas (we read) raise egrets for the sake of their delicate and valuable breeding-season plumes. The birds are housed in quadrangular structures of reed mats, as shown in the photograph, resembling an ordinary poultry run. They become quite tame and breed freely, about four times a year, assuming the dainty nuptial plumage which is so eagerly sought by milliners." Mohana methods of decoying other aquatic birds are illustrated on the opposite page.

Photograph by Salim A. Ali. Reproduced from "Asia." (See further Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

Of cognate interest to Captain Rattray's book, and likewise abundantly illustrated, is another remarkable study of native customs entitled "WEST AFRICAN SECRET SOCIETIES." Their Organisation, Officials, and Teaching. By Captain F. W. Butt-Thompson (Author of "Sierra Leone in History and Tradition," etc.) With twelve Plates, seventy-six Text Figures, and a Map (Witherby; 21s.). "My one desire in this work," writes Captain Butt-Thompson, "has been to record something of the old tribal discipline and society organisation of West Africa now slowly but surely passing, and to do this as far as possible without an attempt to 'point a moral or adorn a tale.'" In his full bibliography of works consulted, I notice he mentions three of Captain Rattray's books. Another point of contact between the two authors is the native word *sasabonsam*, which Captain Rattray interprets as meaning "fairies and forest monsters." Captain Butt-Thompson calls them "creatures of fearsome aspect with long bristly hair and bloodshot eyes, and feet pointing both ways."

It seems to me that this book should provide a rich mine of material for writers of sensational adventure stories in fantastic settings, after the manner of Sax Rohmer and his like. We hear, for instance, of native criminal societies named after animals, such as the crocodile, leopard, and panther. And what could give a better hint for a good poisoning mystery than a passage such as the following?—"From every known poisonous snake they extract the venom. . . . And they have poisons the secrets of which still baffle European minds, like that possessed by the officials of Ogboni: a poison that, after being administered, produces no visible effect for months, yet renders death inevitable."

Beasts of prey that

give their names to native criminal gangs, as well as many other more harmless but equally fascinating creatures, are exquisitely pictured and described, from personal acquaintance with them in their native haunts, by one who has been called "the pioneer of big-game photography." His new book, which covers the results of thirty years' observation of wild life in Central Africa, is "IN THE LAND OF THE LION." By Cherry Kearton. With eighty-eight Photographs (Arrowsmith; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Kearton himself has had some close shaves from lions and other animals, including the rhinoceros and the crocodile, which latter is his *bête-noire*. He also gives a thrilling description of a fight between a crocodile and a rhinoceros, and another between a python and a hyena. To find which won, read the book!

Mr. Kearton condemns the wholesale slaughter of wild game, which he finds has increased through the introduction of the motor-car. "If this book," he concludes, "should do even a little towards convincing the people of the world that wild life is worth something better than wanton destruction, it will have achieved its purpose." Talking of motor-cars, by the way, one envies the chameleon its peculiar visual facilities. "He is the only creature,"

says Mr. Kearton, "that can look forward with one eye and backward with the other, at the same moment." Feet pointing both ways, like those of the *sasabonsam*, might also be useful to a London pedestrian.

Much the same point of view as Mr. Kearton's towards African game is expressed by an American writer in "WILD ANIMALS." A White Man's Conquest of Jungle Beasts. (Appleton; 3 dollars). The author spent three years in Africa collecting specimens for scientific museums, and he also had some exciting adventures. "My purpose," he writes, "is to attempt to show how my love of animals, and my experiences with them changed me from merely a hunter-naturalist into a man who believes most sincerely that animals reason, communicate, teach and learn, and are therefore capable of domestication. . . . I would like to see all hunters turned into psychologists. If the interest of a wild animal's mind could be brought forcibly to the amateur hunter's attention, there would be no danger of extermination of the game of Africa."

I began this article with an allusion to nine books about Africa, but, having dealt with only six of them, I find my space is running out. The other three, no less

interesting, must be mentioned very briefly. The possibility that the Brontosaurus still exists in Africa is an intriguing suggestion in an account of an adventurous motor tour, "ACROSS THE KALAHARI DESERT." By W. J. Makin. Illustrated (Arrowsmith; 15s.). The travels of a political officer among the Nuer tribes are well described in "A NOMAD IN THE SOUTH SUDAN." By "Ben Assher." Author of "A Nomad in North America." With Photographs and a Map (Witherby; 16s.). Finally, we have the experiences of a woman who, wishing to travel from Cairo to the Cape, was in the happy position that enabled her to say: "There being nothing to hinder, I went." The result was "TEN THOUSAND MILES IN TWO CONTINENTS." By Mrs. Patrick Ness. With thirty Illustrations and two Maps. (Methuen; 12s. 6d.) The other continent was Asia—and the author's route lay across the Syrian Desert into Persia. I regret that my remarks on these last three attractive works have had to be so "incontinently" condensed.

By way of postscript, I would add a word about a book which, though not to be classed as African, concerns an adjacent country once under the sway of the Pharaohs, and during the recent Arab-Jew disturbances reinforced by British troops from Egypt. I refer to the English version of "PALESTINE." By Henri Bordeaux (Eveleigh Nash and Grayson, Ltd.), a beautiful volume profusely illustrated in colour and photogravure. Here we have a distinguished Frenchman chatting in homely fashion of what he saw in a journey through the Holy Land, from Haifa to Jerusalem and back to Beirut. He takes the reader all round Jerusalem—including the Wailing Wall—and discusses Zionism in relation to the diverse elements of the population.

C. E. B.

SUBMERGED FOWLERS IN DECOY-DUCK CAPS: STRANGE INDIAN COOT-CATCHING METHODS.



NOT REAL DUCKS, BUT DECOY CAPS MADE OF COMPLETE DUCK-SKINS WORN BY MEN UNDER THE WATER: A METHOD OF CATCHING COOTS PRACTISED IN UPPER SIND.



THE TRICK REVEALED: ONE OF THE DECOY "DUCK" CAPS RAISED ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER ON THE HEAD OF ITS ASCENDING WEARER, WHILE THE OTHER "DUCK" CONTINUES "SWIMMING."



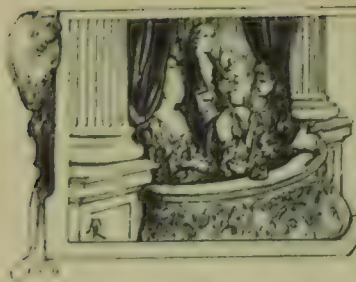
ANOTHER CURIOUS METHOD OF MOHANA COOT-HUNTERS: AFTER CROUCHING IN WATER WAIST-DEEP, THEY SPRING UP AS THE BIRDS PASS OVER AND SHOOT THEM WITH BLUNT ARROWS.

Some curious fowling methods practised by the Mohanas on the Manchhar Lake in Upper Sind (a province affected by the Indus floods) are described in a recent article in "Asia," our American contemporary, by Mr. Salim A. Ali. "On approaching a flock of coots," he writes, "Abdulla (a Mohana) and an assistant cast off their shirts and, stepping from the punt into the water, began wading stealthily towards the birds. Over their heads they had put caps formed of the complete skin of a duck with head and neck properly set up and provided with breathing and eye-holes. Under cover of this deception, they sneaked into the midst of the flock, nothing visible except the harmless-looking decoy. When they were well within the assembly, the work of capture commenced. A bird was grabbed by its leg under water, and, before it had time to flutter, it disappeared below the surface. Its legs were bound up with water-weeds, and it was then firmly secured to a belt round the fowler's waist. The other members of the flock had noticed nothing. . . . When the men have gathered in a half-dozen birds or so under water, they fasten the legs together, and, moving off some distance, release the chained captives to come to the surface for breath. Leaving the knot of captured birds on the water, the wily Mohanas slide up again into the flock. A couple of fowlers secure thirty or forty birds in a morning's work. Ducks are also taken, but the coots, because of their stupidity, make far more ready victims. As a variation, a tame cormorant or heron is perched on the fowler's head in place of the duck-skin cap, and the bird appears to enjoy the sport." Another method of procuring coots is described as follows: "The contrivances employed are a powerful bow made of split bamboo, and



SHOWING AN EYE-HOLE NEAR THE TAIL OF THE DECOY-DUCK SKIN (PULLED CLOSELY OVER THE WEARER'S HEAD WHEN SUBMERGED): A MOHANA FOWLER WITH HIS CATCH OF COOTS.

blunt arrows, headless and unfeathered, about 3 ft. long and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. The bowmen crouch in waist-deep water in a row at intervals of about 15 yards. The punts move off to round up the flock. On being pursued closer, the coots attempt to rise . . . and by the time they are over the heads of the bowmen they are scarcely higher than 15 or 20 ft. The men, hitherto immersed to their chins, suddenly pop out and discharge their missiles. The blunt arrows strike the birds crosswise, i.e., on the flat. . . . A volley from half-a-dozen bowmen seldom fails to account for less than four or five birds."



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



PAUL LENI.

NEWS comes from Hollywood of the passing of a great film director, Paul Leni, whose death from blood-poisoning robs the screen of a notable and imaginative mind. How much does the name of a producer mean to the general public? How many film-goers realise the absolute power, the inspiring strength, the capacity for making or marring a picture, possessed by the man who shapes all its



FASHIONS OF THE FUTURE ON THE SCREEN: BENITA HUME WEARING EVENING DRESS OF 1949, WITH BREECHES, IN "HIGH TREASON."

In "High Treason," a Gaumont-British "sound and silent" film, scenes are laid in the year 1949, when, it appears, breeches will be in fashion for feminine evening dress. "High Treason" is based on Mr. Pemberton Billing's much-discussed play, representing a "mechanised" world in the 1940's.

many composite parts, its infinite detail, into one harmonious whole? The death of a screen-star takes on the proportions of a personal loss to thousands of people, who yet have only gazed upon his shadow. But the man behind the star, the man who in nearly every case has made the star, or at any rate enhanced its radiance, that man, I fear, remains a nebulous entity—except to the film student and to the inner circles—in the vast firmament of the kinema. Yet Paul Leni made history in the studios. He was one of the first to see the tremendous importance of inanimate objects. His settings, his angles, his masterly play with light and shade, suggested danger, tragedy, even humour, though Leni has been accused, along with many of his countrymen, of lacking completely this godly gift. In this he was much maligned. One of his earliest pictures, and still his most famous, "Waxworks," definitely establishes Leni's sense of humour, although, to be sure, it inclined towards the grotesque. Yet no one could behold those plump and comfortable Oriental cupolas, or the even more plump and comfortable Persian potentate (none other than Emil Jannings), whose amorous adventures formed the third episode of "Waxworks," without yielding to the satire and the comic possibilities of architectural outline which were the outcome of Leni's leaping imagination. "Waxworks" embodies the whole basis of Leni's technique, developed and manipulated later on for the requirements of Hollywood. Here are the weird, disturbing corners—a little more audaciously cubist, perhaps—that lend atmosphere and tenacity to such mystery films as "The Cat and the Canary" and "The Last Warning." Here, too, is the suggestion of the macabre and the uncanny power of creating suspense, of conveying a world of meaning by the mere grouping of accessories, the choice of background, and the illumination. Leni, high priest of the so-called German school of kinema-

tography, certainly had many disciples, but some of them, striding beyond the teachings of their master, elaborated scenic suggestion to the extent of losing control over it and destroying the balance of their pictures. Paul Leni never did that. His patterns, his decorations, were always justified, part and parcel of his whole scheme. Without them, the story itself would have suffered.

Leni's later pictures, including the magnificently staged "Man Who Laughs," made many concessions to the popular demand for "mystery thrillers" and to sheer sentimentality in melodrama. I have to confess to little patience with the ordinary thriller, and still less with blatant sentimentality. But I could find pleasure in Leni's work, whatever the subject-matter—for the sake of his vision, his unexpected angles, the chances he gave for brilliant camera-work. His amazing skill in building up his story lends a fascination, from which even a blasé film-goer would find it difficult to escape, to the extravagant stuff of which "The Last Warning" is made, or to the jewel-robbery business which forms the theme of "The Chinese Parrot."

Leni has left his mark on silent films. Nor will his influence be lost in the new and noisy pastures of the sound-films. For his countryman and friend, Dr. Paul Fejos, the director of the astounding "Broadway," has found it possible to use much of the "Leni technique" in dealing with a fresh medium. The pictorial values which Paul Leni always kept in prominence, the surprising and ingenious camera-angles, and, above all, the brilliant use of collateral matter, are present in "Broadway" to remind us of the pioneer work of a great producer.

THE IMPERSONAL "TALKIE."

A recent article in a Sunday paper, entitled "Why Should We Hate the Talkie?" brought forth a crop of reasons, none of them particularly convincing, and not all of them as humorous as that of the young lady who, having nowhere else to go with her "young man," was wont to seek the seclusion of the kinema. Her bitter plaint was that, in the days of the silent film, she and her companion could blissfully disregard the traffic of the screen and think only of each other. Sound has shattered this beautiful communion of souls!

But the wrath of an elderly gentleman who had been to see one of London's most successful laughter-makers put me on the track of yet another more subtle, but perhaps more potent, reason for an instinctive antagonism to talking-films. My elderly friend,

by no means alone in his grievance, said that his enjoyment was ruined, and his patience tried, because the laughter that greeted one joke completely drowned its successor. There it is—the dead spot of the talking-film—the spot we all come up against sooner or later. The impersonality of these seemingly so life-like shadows! They came nearer to us in the old days—in the days when our own imagination was called into play: when we, as it were, by mentally supplying the screen-actors with the power they lacked—the power of speech—linked ourselves up with their efforts and endeavours. They used our voices—they were part of ourselves.

The talking shadows are so aloof in their utter disregard of us—the audience. If we laugh and we would have them pause, they hasten on. If we grow restive and would have them hasten, they persist in their deliberateness. We are no inspiration to them, nor do they take any notice of our moods. I find it peculiarly irritating, for instance, to see, as I have often done, some variety artist, or musical conductor, making a smug obeisance of thanks after a "turn"



SOPHIE TUCKER IN HER FIRST "ALL-TALKING, ALL-SINGING" VITAPHONE PRODUCTION: AN INCIDENT IN "HONKY TONK," AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE.

Messrs. Warner Brothers arranged to conclude their Vitaphone season at the Piccadilly by presenting "Honky Tonk," on September 12, for two weeks only. It provides Miss Sophie Tucker with five new songs—"I'm Doing What I'm Doing, For Love"; "I Don't Want to Get Thin"; "I'm Feathering a Nest for a Little Blue Bird"; "He's a Good Man to Have Around"; and "I'm the Last of the Red-Hot Mamas."

that has elicited no applause at all. The value of the audience to the flesh-and-blood artist is enormous. A sympathetic one may spur him to unique achievement, a cold one puts him on his mettle. Like the seasoned horse of battle, he scents the presence of the enemy and, with high courage, charges into the fray. In other words, he makes a special effort, and often a successful one, to win over a recalcitrant audience. I have seen a particularly rowdy "second-house" audience in a Manchester music-hall being gradually brought to attention by the actors and actresses of a one-act comedy, after having shouted down a popular singer of the day. The artists had been warned by the management. They were "not to mind" if their little play was wrecked that night. But they set their teeth and determined to conquer. And they did.

Now that is where the talking shadows fail, and where, subconsciously, because they have so much of life, we feel their deficiency. I am sure the ponderous comedian who, in the studio, seemed funny because he emitted fewer words to the minute than any other comedian, would remodel his characterisation and gather momentum if he could sense the reaction of his audience. And the ingénue with the rollicking giggle, would she not dulcify her tones if she knew how she made us suffer?

Being neither an electrician nor an inventor, I sit in humble admiration at their feet. I am prepared to see Pelion piled upon Ossa; the marvels of the "electric-eye" capped by a miracle that shall cause a super-sensitive machinery to respond to laughter or applause waves. But the shadows on the screens are deaf to us, and deaf they will remain—a fact that those film-makers who are inclined to throw all the old pictorial assets of their craft overboard in their enthusiasm for talk would do well to remember.



GLORIA SWANSON IN HER FIRST "ALL-DIALOGUE AND SINGING" PICTURE: A SCENE FROM "THE TRESSPASSER," AT THE NEW GALLERY.

Miss Gloria Swanson arranged to appear in person at the world premiere of "The Trespasser," on September 9, at the New Gallery. It is a United Artists picture, and was written and directed by a well-known English actor, scenarist, novelist, and playwright, Mr. Edmund Coughling. The story tells the adventures of a typist married to a wealthy young man who deserts her.

A MARVEL OF UNCONSCIOUS POSING AND CAMERA "COMPOSITION."



**"THE MORNING TOILET," BY JOHN H. ANDERSON: AN EXTRAORDINARILY EFFECTIVE BIRD GROUP
AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.**

The 1929 International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography was recently opened at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 5a, Pall Mall East, and is to remain on view until October 5. "The aim of the London Salon," says a note in the catalogue, "is to exhibit only that class

of work in Pictorial Photography in which there is distinct evidence of personal artistic feeling and execution." Such evidence is very obvious in the above example, which is a marvel of "composition" and of unconscious posing on the part of the birds forming this extraordinarily effective group.

WONDERS OF RAPID-MOTION PHOTOGRAPHY: NATURE STUDIES AT THE R.P.S. EXHIBITION.



WINGS BEATING 3000 TIMES A SECOND PHOTOGRAPHED AS THOUGH STATIONARY:
"HONEY BEE IN FLIGHT," BY JOSEPH A. SPEED, A.R.P.S.



"SWALLOW IN FLIGHT," BY JOSEPH A. SPEED, A.R.P.S.: ANOTHER REMARKABLE FLASHLIGHT
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH A SHUTTER OF AMAZING RAPIDITY.



"STOAT'S ARBOREAL LEAP," BY JOSEPH A. SPEED, A.R.P.S.: AN UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH IN WHICH NOT ONE OF THE ANIMAL'S FEET IS TOUCHING THE TREE—
ONE OF A SET OF NATURE STUDIES BY CAMERA AWARDED A MEDAL AT THE R.P.S. EXHIBITION.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Kynaston Studd, arranged to open the seventy-fourth annual International Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, on September 13, in the Society's galleries at 35, Russell Square, and the Exhibition will remain open until October 12. As usual, it is full of interest, and well worth a visit. Nature study is always a strong point, and this year's show is no exception to the rule. The above photographs, which form part of a set

awarded a medal, are wonderful examples of "arrested motion" photographs at high speed. "One of the most remarkable of these photographs (we read) is that of a honey bee in flight. It has been computed that the wings beat at the rate of between 2000 and 3000 times per second, and the photograph shows perfect detail, including the markings on the wings. It was obtained by flash-light at the marvellous shutter-speed of 1-5000th of a second."

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: NOTABLE WORK AT THE LONDON SALON.



NATURE'S CURIOUS PATTERNING: "WHIRLPOOL OF OIL BUBBLES," BY T. MAYEDA.

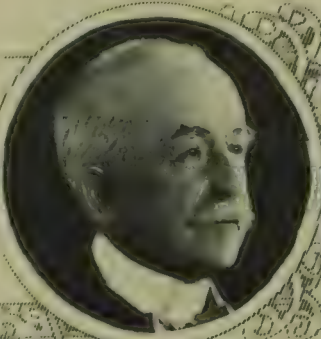
The new Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, of which we give particulars on page 457, with another reproduction, is as rich in attractions as any of its predecessors. No one who takes an interest in photography as a fine art should fail to pay it a visit. The above example represents a class of nature studies in which Japanese photographers especially excel. The method consists

in discovering unsuspected beauties of form or pattern in common things and arranging them with a touch of imagination. This "whirlpool of oil bubbles," for instance, suggests an air view over a group of coral islands, or a river swirling with broken ice. A similar example—"Oil Ditch," by S. Uyeda, with a mosaic effect—was exhibited two years ago and appeared in our issue of September 17, 1927.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

MR. F. E. WEATHERLY, K.C.

A famous song-writer. Author of "The Deathless Army," "The Holy City," "Roses of Picardy," and other songs. Well-known for his work in the War in 1887. Died September 7; born in 1846.



CANON F. W. HEAD, M.C.

Sub-Dean of Liverpool Cathedral, who has accepted the Archbishopric of Melbourne, Australia. Ordained 1902. Chaplain to the King, 1922. Aged 55.



SIR SEYMOUR SHARKEY, M.D., F.R.C.P.

Consulting Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, London. Elected President, Neurological Society, in 1904. Died, September 6. Born in Jersey, 1847.



MRS. LOUISE M. THADEN.

Winner of the first National Women's Air Derby from California to Cleveland, Ohio. She is a native of Pittsburgh, U.S.A., and to win the Air Derby contest flew 2350 miles in 20 hours 19 minutes 10 seconds.



MR. V. G. BELL.

A member of the Indian Forestry Commission, who lost his life when the aeroplane "City of Jerusalem" crashed.



SIR PERCY LORAINE, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR EGYPT, ARRIVING AT ALEXANDRIA.

Sir Percy Loraine, Bt., K.C.M.G., the new High Commissioner for Egypt, is here seen landing at Arsenal Quay, Alexandria, where he arrived on September 2. The Prime Minister of Egypt, Mohamed Pasha Mahmud, and Sir Percy Loraine exchanged visits during the day.



MISS HELEN WILLS, THE WINNER OF THE U.S.A. LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP; AND MRS. WATSON, THE RUNNER-UP (LEFT). The Women's Championship of the United States was contested on August 24 at Forest Hills, when, in the finals, Miss Helen Wills beat Mrs. Watson 6-4, 6-2. Our photograph shows Miss Wills receiving the Championship Cup from the President of the American Lawn-Tennis Association. Mrs. Watson, the well-known British player, is seen on the left.



LORD NEWLANDS.

Lord Lieutenant of Lanarkshire from 1915 to 1921, and a Unionist M.P. for twenty years. Grand Master Mason of Scotland 1899-1903. Died, September 5, aged 78.



REV. JAMES SIBREE, D.D., F.R.G.S.

For fifty years a Missionary in Madagascar. Received the Back Grant from the Royal Geographical Society in 1892 for work dealing with Geography of Madagascar. Died, September 6, aged 93.



THE "CITY OF JERUSALEM," OF THE ENGLAND-INDIA AIR-MAIL SERVICE.

An unfortunate accident befell the aeroplane "City of Jerusalem" on September 6, when the machine was landing at Jask on the Persian Gulf. The aeroplane, with a portion of its mails, was destroyed, and the pilot, Captain A. E. Woodbridge, Mr. V. G. Bell, and Mr. J. Court lost their lives. The aeroplane was carrying about 25,000 letters and parcels from Cairo to Karachi. Two members of the crew survived, and are progressing favourably.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



CAPTAIN VICTOR C. W. AGNEW.

A partner in the firm of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods. Served during the Great War in France and Middle East. Died, September 4. Born, 1887.

MR. WALTER ELLIS MALLET.

Senior partner of Mallett and Son, antique dealers, of Bath and London. One of the founders of the Bath Chamber of Commerce. Died, September 3, aged 76.



SIR JAMES W. H. MORLEY, C.B.E.

Historical Adviser to the Foreign Office. He was Assistant Director of the Political Intelligence Department during the war. Died, September 6, aged 65.



MISS JOAN BRUNTON.

On September 7 Miss Brunton (aged twelve) swam from Dover to Ramsgate, a distance of 20 miles, in 6 hours, 2 minutes, beating previous records by 12 minutes. Our photograph shows her being congratulated by the Mayor of Ramsgate.



CAPTAIN A. E. WOODBRIDGE.

The pilot of the aeroplane "City of Jerusalem," who lost his life when his machine crashed at Jask on September 6.

The Art of László: A "Gem" of Modern Portraiture.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY PHILIP A. DE LÁSZLÓ, M.V.O., RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT THE FRENCH GALLERY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED FOR THE OWNER.)



WIFE OF THE TWELFTH EARL OF HADDINGTON: THE COUNTESS
OF HADDINGTON.

The art of Mr. Philip de László, who, we need hardly recall, is one of the leading portrait-painters of the day, is well represented by this charming picture of the Countess of Haddington. She is a Canadian by birth, being the youngest daughter of Mr. E. W. Cook, of Montreal, and is a sister of the Countess of Minto. Her marriage to the twelfth Earl of Haddington took place in 1923. This portrait, it may be added, was included in Mr. de László's recent exhibition at the French Gallery, which was particularly interesting as it coincided with his sixtieth birthday, and also with his completion of twenty-two years' residence in England.

Gems of a Southern Clime: A Garland of South African Wild Flowers.

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PRINCE OF WALES'S HEATH.
(*Erica prespina*, Wendl.)



FLAMES.
(*Antholyza Merianella*, L.)



TULBAGH BELL.
(*Gladolus Bonatii*, Baker.)



LARGE BROWN AFRIKANDER.
(*Gladolus grandis*, Thunb.)



WHITE PAPERY HEATH.
(*Erica papyracea*, Guthrie and Bolus.)

OUR readers will remember that in our issue of July 13 we published a double-page of illustrations in colour of nine species of South African wild flowers. Here we give a second garland from the same source. The extraordinary variety of the flora of this Dominion is admirably described in "The Book of South African Flowers," by Barclay, Bolus and Steer (The Specialty Press, Ltd., Cape Town), who remark that, although there is no season of the year when various species are not in bloom, it is when the first rains fall that the real floral

(Continued from last page.)

(Continued.)

growing in masses or scattered among bracken and heath; and the glorious Nerine, known as the mountain nymph, with her glittering gold-dusted petals. These floral delights are among the numerous attractions that have brought South Africa into such favour with English winter travellers, and our readers may be interested to know that information regarding travel to this Dominion may be obtained from the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.



MARSH ROSE.
(*Orethamuss Zeyheri*, Meisn.)



PAINTED LADY.
(*Gladolus debilis*, Ker.)

(Continued.)

awakening comes. At that season, numerous species of Oxalis, dainty blossoms of pink and yellow, salmon, white and crimson, make the earth-carpet gay. At the same time, numerous kinds of Protea come into bloom, and beautiful Heaths and White Heather, which extend over many miles of country. The landscapes are also brightened with the red- and orange-coloured Aloes, the most striking of all the South African



SCARLET OR CRIMSON NERINE.
(*Nerine sarniensis*, Herb.)

lily family. With springtime in South Africa comes a yet fuller burst of flower life, when the varied species of bulbous plants unfold their beauty: grey-blue fragrant Babianas, with dark-blue cups half-filled, as the children say, with crimson wine; Lachenalias, blue and amethyst, opal-tinted, golden-yellow, and sometimes red and grey combined. In the summer there are the tall pink Watsonias on the mountain sides,

(Continued from last page.)



WOOLLY-BEARDED PROTEA.
(*Protea barbifera*, Meisn.)

Animal Fights an Age-old Form of Indian Sport.

FROM A 16TH-CENTURY MOGUL PAINTING. BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



AN EARLY EXAMPLE OF ANIMAL FIGHTING STILL POPULAR AT INDIAN COURTS:
ELEPHANT AND CAMEL ENCOUNTERS AT BABAR'S DURBAR IN 1528.

The antiquity of animal fighting as a form of entertainment in India, the persistence of which in modern times we illustrate on the opposite page, is shown in this remarkable example of sixteenth-century Mogul art, now in the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Here we see encounters between pairs of elephants and camels, as well as Rajput wrestlers, during sports held at Agra at the Emperor Babar's Durbar in 1528. It is a characteristic tempera painting of the early Mogul School, executed, about 1590, by the Court artist, Madhu the Elder, on one of the pages of an illustrated manuscript copy of the Memoirs of Babar, the "Wagiat-i-Barbari," prepared for his grandson, the renowned Emperor Akbar the Great (1556-1605).

THE PERSISTENCE OF AN ANCIENT INDIAN SPORT: ANIMAL-FIGHTING.



A MODERN PARALLEL TO THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SCENE ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: A DUEL OF FIGHTING ELEPHANTS, SMEARED WITH VERMILION TO SUGGEST BLOOD—A BATTLE OF GIANTS IN PROGRESS BEFORE A VICEROY OF INDIA AT BARODA.



IN MODERN TIMES AS IN THE DAYS OF THE MOGULS (ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE): A CAMEL FIGHT—A TYPE OF CONTEST PECULIAR TO KOLHAPUR, AND A MORE FEROCIOUS AFFAIR THAN AN ELEPHANT OR BUFFALO FIGHT, AS THE CAMEL HAS A VILE TEMPER.

Although the above photographs have appeared before in our pages (in the issue of October 1, 1927), we make no excuse for repeating the subjects, in view of the remarkable parallel they afford to the old sixteenth-century scene, at a Mogul Emperor's Durbar, reproduced in colour opposite. The comparison shows the persistence of these old forms of Indian sport through the centuries into modern times. In the East, animal-baiting still retains its primitive attraction and assumes forms which seem to us almost fantastic. Although the Hindu religion forbids

the taking of animal life, the beasts engaged in these combats, while they do not fight to the death, are generally dragged from the ring in a state of exhaustion. Fighting elephants are smeared with vermilion, to lend a touch of realism to the encounter, and perhaps to add to the animals' excitement. Then there are the camel fights at Kolhapur, probably the most realistic and ferocious of any, for it has been said of the camel that "he has a vile temper and in a fight he shows it."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A ROYAL CHRISTENING IN YUGO-SLAVIA: THE BAPTISM OF KING ALEXANDER'S THIRD SON—SHOWING PRINCE PAUL HOLDING THE BABY.

The third son of the King and Queen of Yugo-Slavia was baptized recently at the royal palace of Bled, in Slovenia. He received the name of Andrew. The godparents were Prince Paul and the Queen of Greece. In our photograph Prince Paul is seen carrying the baby, and Princess Paul is behind him. On the right is the young Crown Prince Peter with his cousin. The King's second son is in the arms of the nurse on the extreme left.



THE FIRST BRAEMAR GATHERING WITHOUT THE KING AND QUEEN FOR MANY YEARS: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ARRIVING WITH KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

For the first time for many years, the King and Queen were not present at the annual Braemar Gathering, held, as usual, in the Princess Royal Park, on September 5. It was attended, however, by the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, and King George of Greece. Our photograph shows the Duchess being welcomed by Lord Aberdeen. The Duke of York is behind her, and the King of Greece is seen alighting from the car.



THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" BEING HAULED DOWN AT LAKEHURST: A VIEW FROM BELOW.

The "Graf Zeppelin," in her recent flights, has more than circled the globe. Writing from New York on August 29, the "Times" correspondent said: "The 'Graf Zeppelin's' flight around the world ended at Lakehurst (New Jersey) this morning. Her journey of 21,000 miles over Europe, Asia, America, and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, with stops at Friedrichshafen, Tokyo, and Los Angeles, had taken her 21 days 7 hours 34 minutes, but her actual flying time had been



THE END OF A ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT, ACCOMPLISHED IN 20 DAYS, 4 HOURS: THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN'S" ARRIVAL AT FRIEDRICHSHAFEN.

just under 12 days. . . . At Lakehurst she was brought to earth in less than five minutes after the first ropes had been dropped to the landing crew." A few days later she left again for Friedrichshafen, and landed there on September 4, having flown from Lakehurst in 67 hours. A Berlin message stated: "The airship's time for the world flight from Friedrichshafen—20 days 4 hours—sets up a new record; the flight from Lakehurst to Lakehurst occupied 21 days 7 1/2 hours."



"GRAF ZEPPELIN'S" RADIO OFFICER LOWERING AN ANTENNA TO RECEIVE MESSAGES.

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A PREHISTORIC WHALE OF FEROCIOUS ASPECT THAT SWAM AMERICAN WATERS MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO: THE ZOUGLODON—A "RESTORATION" PAINTING.

These two remarkable "restoration" paintings, by Charles R. Knight, the well-known artist, have been presented to the Field Museum of Natural History at Chicago by Mr. Ernest R. Graham. A note on the photographs states: "The Zougloodon, a small-headed whale with a medium-sized body and a long tail, was common along the coast of what is now the Carolinas, between 35 and 55 million years ago, according to paleontologists. In size it has been outstripped by the larger species of modern whales, the Zougloodon averaging 50 ft. in length, whereas many



THE BIG GAME OF NORTHERN EUROPE FROM PREHISTORIC TO MEDIAEVAL TIMES: THE GIANT IRISH DEER—A "RESTORATION" PAINTING BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

whales of to-day grow to 80 and 90 ft. Because of its formidable teeth it presented a terrifying appearance. Fossil remains have been found in Eocene deposits of the Gulf and South Atlantic States.—The Giant Irish deer, which often had an antler spread of 12 ft., was the big game of Northern Europe from prehistoric to mediaeval times, and did not become extinct until the fourteenth century. It is mentioned in ancient legends of Continental countries, and in historical accounts of the Roman occupation of Britain."

HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.



A BRITISH OIL-TANKER DESTROYED BY FIRE, WITH THE LOSS OF MANY LIVES: FIRE-FLOATS PLAYING ON THE "VIMIERA" AT ROTTERDAM.

The British oil-tanker "Vimiera," of Glasgow, on arriving at Rotterdam recently for repairs, suddenly caught fire as she was being taken into dry dock on September 9, and in a few moments was alight from end to end and enveloped in dense smoke. Besides the crew there were 50 dock labourers on board. The first casualty list gave 6 dead (4 burned and 2 drowned), and 10 missing. Among those burned to death were the first and fifth officers.



A NEW SPEED RECORD OF 355.8 M.P.H. MADE AFTER THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY CONTEST: SQUADRON-LEADER ORLEBAR IN THE SUPERMARINE ROLLS-ROYCE "S6" AFTER HIS FLIGHTS.

The Schneider Trophy contest was followed, on September 10, by a series of speed test flights over the 3-kilometre course above Southampton Water. Squadron-Leader Orlebar set up a new record by attaining a mean speed of 355.8 m.p.h. in four flights in the Supermarine Rolls-Royce "S6." Flight-Lieut. Stainforth, in the Gloster Napier 6, reached a mean speed of 336.3 m.p.h. Visibility was poor, owing to haze, and still better results were expected on September 12.



SCARBOROUGH OFFERS SPORT TO BIG-GAME ANGLERS: LANDING A 9-FT. TUNNY—NEW TO THE NORTH SEA.

The fact that tunny are to be caught in the North Sea was proved recently when a specimen 9 ft. 9 in. long and weighing 600 lb. caught 14 miles off Scarborough, was landed there on September 7 from the Yarmouth steam-drifter "Ascendant." It is only during the last three years that the tunny has appeared in the North Sea, owing, it is said, to the water having become warmer. Previously it had occurred only in the Atlantic and Mediterranean.



AN AEROPLANE HOOKS ITSELF ON TO AN AIRSHIP IN FLIGHT: A U.S. NAVY PLANE ATTACHED TO THE "LOS ANGELES."

This remarkable photograph is entitled "a good view of the Navy (Vought Corsair) plane as it hooked on to the giant air-liner 'Los Angeles' while both were in flight during the air races at Cleveland airport." A similar manoeuvre, with the same airship, was described in a report from Lakehurst, New Jersey, early in July. As the aeroplane came up under the airship's hull, the pilot adjusted his speed to the latter's, and made contact between a hook on top of the aeroplane's upper wing and a rigid trapeze suspended amidships from the "Los Angeles."



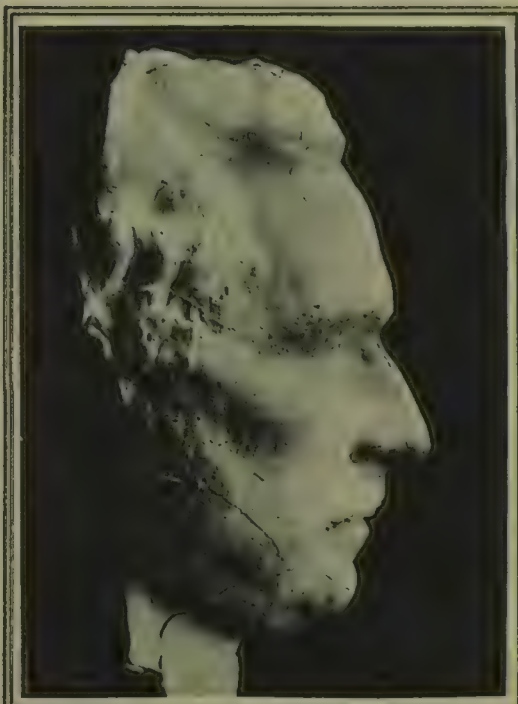
A BRITISH LINER RECENTLY WRECKED NEAR VIGO BAY, ALL THE PASSENGERS AND CREW BEING SAVED: THE "HIGHLAND PRIDE."

The Nelson liner "Highland Pride" (7469 tons), bound from London to Buenos Aires, struck the Roca Negra (Black Rock) off the Cies Islands at the entrance to Vigo Bay, shortly after midnight on September 8. All the 63 passengers, and the crew of 89, were rescued by the ship's lifeboats and Spanish fishing craft, and landed at the village of Bayona, whence they were conveyed in cars to Vigo. The passengers highly praised the conduct of Captain Alford and his officers.



A TIGER CAT CAUGHT IN A PART OF AUSTRALIA WHERE THE SPECIES WAS BELIEVED TO BE EXTINCT: THE ANIMAL DEFYING A DOG.

"Great excitement was caused in the Winchelsea district of Victoria recently," writes a correspondent in sending us the above photograph, "when one of the residents caught an animal which none of the local people could identify. The curator of the National Museum, however, declared it to be a true tiger cat, a species thought to have died out of Victoria years ago. The photograph shows the attitude of catty defiance towards a dog which ventured too close."



A MASK OF A LIVING MONARCH, KING ALBERT: A GIFT TO THE ARMY MUSEUM AT BRUSSELS.

This mask of King Albert is particularly interesting as being an unusual form of representation of a living monarch, and is the only one that has ever been made of him, according to information received with the photograph. It was cast in the early days of his reign by a well-known sculptor, the late M. Vincotte, and we understand that it has recently been presented to the Army Museum in Brussels by its owner, Mme. Grimard Allard.

PALESTINE'S DISTURBING NEIGHBOURS : TYPICAL BORDER ARABS—UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. THE RUALA BEDOUIN'S OSTRICH-FEATHER BATTLE-BANNER (350 YEARS OLD), IN WHICH A MAIDEN RIDES.



2. ARABS ASSEMBLING GUN-PARTS SMUGGLED INTO THE DESERT FROM TURKEY, AND FITTING THEM TO HOME-MADE STOCKS.



3. A PANTHER MOTHER AND CUB KILLED WHEN PROWLING BY NIGHT NEAR THE LIVESTOCK OF A MIGRATING TRIBE.



4. A BEDOUIN CHIEF'S TENT OF ENORMOUS DIMENSIONS, WATCHED BY FRENCH "MEHARISTS" (CAMEL TROOPS) WITH MACHINE-GUNS: A CHECK ON MIGRATIONS FROM CENTRAL ARABIA INTO TRANSJORDAN.



5. LEADING TWO OF THEIR TREASURED MARES (TIED TO THE CAMEL-SADDLES) READY FOR A FINAL DASH ON NEARING THE FOE: A RAIDING PARTY SETTING OUT, MOUNTED ON THEIR *DHALULS* (RIDING-CAMELS).



6. A TRUE BEDOUIN TYPE: A YOUNG MAN OF THE RUALA TRIBE IN ARABIA, WEARING HIS HAIR IN PLAITS.



7. A REMARKABLY ATTRACTIVE TYPE OF DESERT BEAUTY: A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL OF THE RUALA TRIBE.



8. THE TYPE OF A BEDQUIN CHIEF: PRINCE FUAZ IBN SHA'LAN, HEAD OF THE RUALA-ANAZA, THE LARGEST TRIBE OF ARABIA.

Recent events in Palestine, and the concurrent unrest among border Arabs, lend special interest to these photographs (hitherto unpublished) of typical Bedouin. Of No. 2 it is noted: "Arabs smuggle gun-parts from Turkey into the desert, concealed in bales of cotton goods, coffee, or oil-cans, and then assemble them with home-made gun-stocks." Of the mares seen in No. 5, Mr. Raswan writes: "To the Bedouin the horse has one great purpose. She (the collective name for 'horse' is *faras*, meaning 'mare') is esteemed according to her usefulness in war and raids, and in general she alone is used for riding. Though priceless in the eyes of the Bedouin, she is expected to undergo most trying ordeals. For

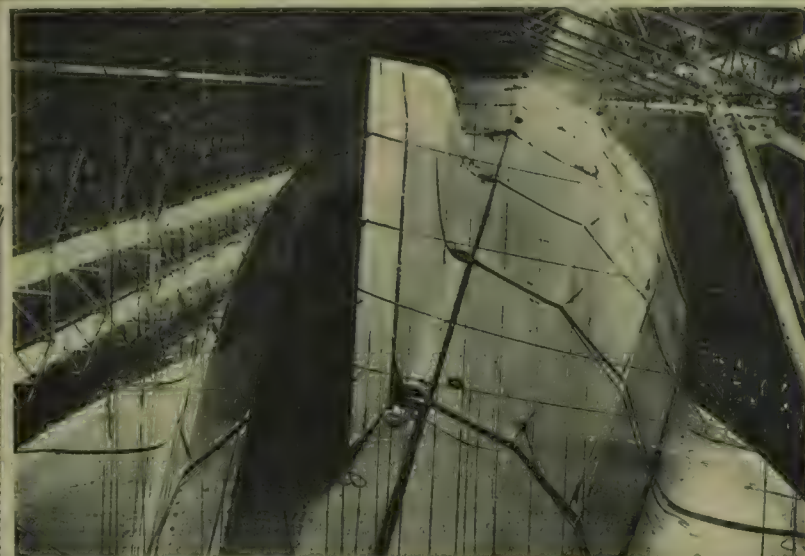
days and weeks she follows the *dhalul*, or racing-camel, on a raid, tied to its saddle and ready to carry her master, if the enemy is sighted, at a flying gallop into the fray. To be able to buy a mare of high physical and mental quality is good luck indeed; for to possess her is to own a treasure. But, though she may be worth many thousands of dollars, a Bedouin would rather give her to you, if you were his friend, than part 'dishonourably' for money with the best he has. His mare has brought him honour only. When his friends pass her, they put their hands on her forehead and call her blessed." Prince Fuaz ibn Sha'lan (No. 8) wields great influence in desert politics.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL R. RASWAN. (PUBLICATION RESTRICTED BY CARL R. RASWAN.)

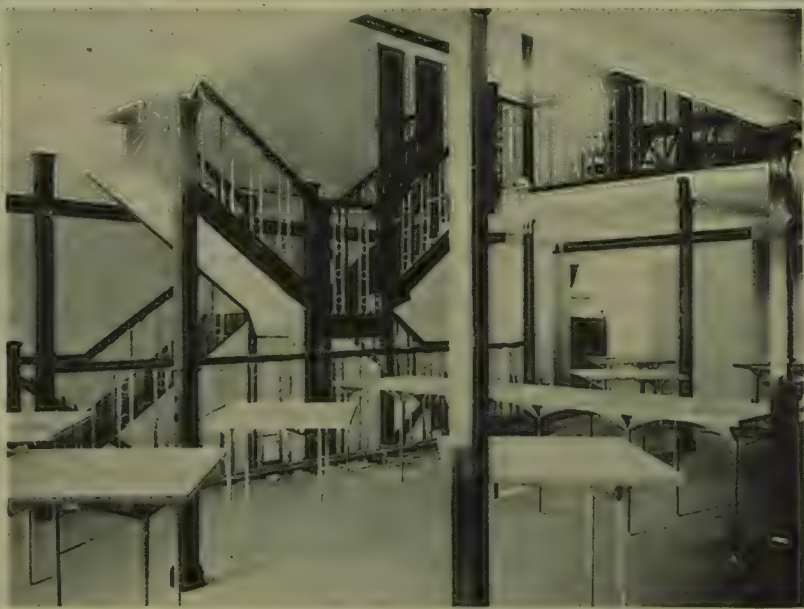
A COUNTERPART TO THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN": BRITAIN'S GIANT AIRSHIP, "R 100."



THE TAIL OF THE HUGE AIRSHIP THAT HAS A TOTAL DISPLACEMENT OF 156 TONS: "R 100" IN HER SHED AT HOWDEN, YORKSHIRE.



MEASURING 133 FT. IN DIAMETER (AGAINST THE 100 FT. OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN"): "R 100" SEEN FROM ABOVE—SHOWING THE TOP RUDDER.



PART OF THE INTERIOR ACCOMMODATION FOR A HUNDRED PASSENGERS: DINING-ROOMS IN "R 100," SHOWING STAIRCASES TO UPPER AND LOWER DECKS.



THE "BRAIN" OF THE AIRSHIP: THE OBSERVATION CABIN AND CONTROLS OF "R 100," ONE OF THE TWO LARGEST AIRSHIPS YET BUILT.



SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION ABOARD "R 100": ONE OF THE NUMEROUS CABINS, SOME WITH TWO BERTHS, OTHERS WITH FOUR.



AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CONTROL AND OBSERVATION CABIN OF "R 100": WORKMEN ENGAGED ON FINISHING TOUCHES.



CULINARY ARRANGEMENTS ON MODERN LINES IN "R 100": THE ELECTRIC KITCHEN CAPABLE OF COOKING FOR PASSENGERS AND CREW.

It was stated recently that the two new giant British airships "R 100" (built by the Airship Guarantee Company at Howden, Yorkshire), and "R 101" (built at the Royal Airship Works) would soon leave their sheds for preliminary flying trials, before making Empire flights to Egypt, India, and Canada. They are the largest airships yet built, and each has a capacity of 5,000,000 cubic feet. The aeronautical correspondent of the "Times" the other day gave some interesting figures in a comparison between them and the "Graf Zeppelin." Some dimensions of "R 100" (which is shorter but thicker than the German airship) are—length, 709 ft.; diameter, 133 ft.; and total displacement, 156 tons. She is fitted with 700-h.p. Rolls-Royce Condor engines, with a total horse-power of 4200 h.p. "R 100"

should easily be the fastest airship yet built (we read) Theoretical considerations,

fully confirmed by tests in wind tunnels, show that the fatter shape of the British vessels goes through the air better than the more elongated Zeppelin form. . . . Then the decision to accommodate 100 passengers inside the hull of the ship, with spacious lounges, dining-room, smoking-room, and numerous two- and four-berth cabins, is another definite advance." The interior amenities designed for "R 100," we may recall, were illustrated in advance by drawings in our issue of January 14, 1928.



FIG. 1 on this page has nothing whatever to do with the subject I propose to discuss. At the same time it may be taken, perhaps, as an amusing and fantastic little preface, because it shows how funny the European of about 1700 must have appeared to the Chinaman. This type of figure, which is sufficiently rare, is generally known as Louis XIV., but I have been unable to learn any definite reason, apart from the obvious details of costume—full-bottomed wig, long and elaborate coat, and so on—for this attribution. Probably there is a print of *Le Roi Soleil* in this attitude, and it is reasonable to guess that French missionaries (the letters, 1702-1722, of

Père d'Entrecolles, the first of them, are famous) would have introduced their King's portrait into the country. I should point out, perhaps, that this figure, though a great joke, is of beautiful quality. Fine craftsmen never allow their sense of humour to interfere with their skill.

And now for serious business. The well-to-do in England, as elsewhere, had always put their coats-of-arms upon their silver: what more natural than to demand similar

FIG. 1. A K'ANG-HSI PORCELAIN FIGURE OF THE TYPE KNOWN AS "LOUIS XIV.": THE CONTEMPORARY CHINESE IDEA OF A EUROPEAN ABOUT 1700.

Photo. by Courtesy of Mr. Frank Partridge.

decoration upon the fine hard porcelain which at this time could only be produced in China? As a result, the factories in and near Canton were kept busy turning out every variety of table service for well-known English families.

This armorial china is not, of course, to be compared with the noble and fragile pieces made purely as ornaments for the wealthy Chinese: it was manufactured solely to meet a foreign demand. None the less, it is fine—sometimes, Fig. 5, for example, exceptionally so—and its appeal to anyone with the most modest feeling for eighteenth-century life and the personalities of the period is extraordinary. In a way it is as exciting as a gallery of portraits: one can admire the painter's skill, and at the same time one can identify the owner, or, at any rate, his family.



FIG. 5. A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN MADE FOR A MEMBER OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY, WHICH INTRODUCED CHINESE ARMORIAL PORCELAIN TO ENGLAND: A PLATE WITH THE ARMS OF GIFFARD. (1745.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS:

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE ARMORIAL PORCELAIN FOR ENGLISH FAMILIES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

In many cases one can date each piece within a year or two. Take Fig. 4, the jardinière, and the earliest of its kind known. The arms are those of Sir Henry Johnson, M.P., a shipbuilder of Blackwall. He married the heiress of the third Lord Lovelace in 1693. The lady succeeded her grandmother as Baroness Wentworth in her own right in 1697. The piece must have been made between these dates,



FIG. 2. A TEAPOT WITH THE ARMS OF ADAM ASKEW IMPALING THOSE OF TWO WIVES: A REMARKABLE PIECE MADE IN 1760 FOR A NOTED GREEK SCHOLAR OF THE TIME.

because her arms are *impaled*—i.e., placed at the side—whereas had it been made later they would have appeared in *pretence*—i.e., in the centre.

Sometimes odd things would happen. In this example, some of the quarterings are unrecognisable; in others instructions sent out from England have been followed too literally. Obviously, one would have to send out a careful drawing: it must have been a dramatic moment when the long-awaited service arrived for one particular gentleman, and it was seen that under each coat-of-arms was painted, "These are the arms of myself and my wife." Still more painful would be the feelings of the family



FIG. 4. THE EARLIEST KNOWN PIECE OF ITS KIND: A K'ANG-HSI JARDINIÈRE (ABOUT 1695) WITH THE ARMS OF JOHNSON IMPALING LOVELACE, THUS FIXING THE DATE FROM FAMILY HISTORY.

Photographs of Figs. 2 to 6 inclusive by Courtesy of Sir Algernon Tudor-Craig.

whose motto was "Think and Thank." Bad writing in the original drawing would be no solace when the motto returned indelibly metamorphosed into "Stink and Stank." This, I should hasten to add, is one of those stories that ought to be true: the service in question has not been seen.

The jug in Fig. 3 was made for Sir Hugh Clopton, of Stratford-on-Avon, who was the direct descendant of the Lord Mayor of London of the same name who built in 1493 Clopton Bridge and New Place—the house Shakespeare bought in 1597. Fig. 6 is very unusual. Its date is about 1735, and the arms are those of the May family, but its interest lies in the jolly little hunting scene, "The Death," where the huntsmen and followers are in contemporary costume with three-cornered hats.

Fig. 5—which is, to my mind, a very beautiful specimen—was made for James Giffard of the Honourable East India Company's service, and gives one an opportunity of underlining the fact that the East India Company monopolised the China trade throughout the century, and introduced these services—as well as other Chinese exports—to England.

The teapot in Fig. 2 is the latest in date (1760) of these examples, and bears the arms of Adam Askew, of Storrs Hall, Lancaster, the Greek scholar whose manuscripts are now in the British Museum. It is a desirable object in any case. Heraldic experts have the advantage of the rest of the world in being able to snatch a great deal of quiet fun before the ignorant—among whom I include myself—see the joke. In this case the beautifully painted Askew quarterings are impaling those of his *two* wives.

When whole services of Chinese Armorial Porcelain come on the market quite a number of plates are generally found to be replacements by one or other of the English factories. It was only during the last half of the century that our own people catered for this particular market, the earliest known being the service made for the Plumbers' Company at Worcester in 1755—Dr. Wall period. Many specimens of Chinese services made for the City Companies can be seen in the London Museum.

Prices were—to say the least—not unreasonable. The bill for the Peers service, dated Canton, 1731—312 plates and 56 dishes, with bowls, sauce-boats, etc., in all 524 pieces—came to 228 taels, or about £76. Not all services were ordered on this scale. A record exists of one consisting of four large dishes and fifty plates.

Finally, one more story to illustrate the fun a knowledge of heraldry enables one to get out of life. I understand it is not new, but I have it from the owner of these specimens, who is not only the authority on the subject, but is always kind enough to waste his time imparting his knowledge to the casual inquirer. A certain Barty, a member of one of the Livery Companies, found himself elected to high office in the City, and was expected to emblazon his arms on his carriage. He promptly adopted those of Bertie, which is similarly pronounced. It so happened that the particular arms he chose were those of a distinguished Admiral who had been created a Baronet. Mr. Barty took over everything *en bloc*—the Badge of Ulster, the wavy bordure, and the rest—and thus turned himself not only into an Admiral and a Baronet, but also into the illegitimate son of a Duke!



FIG. 3. A JUG MADE FOR SIR HUGH CLOPTON, OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON, DESCENDANT OF THE BUILDER OF SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE THERE: A PIECE DATING FROM ABOUT 1720.



FIG. 6. ENGLISH 18TH-CENTURY FOX-HUNTING DEPICTED IN CHINESE PORCELAIN: A PLATE WITH THE ARMS OF THE MAY FAMILY—A SCENE AT "THE DEATH."

WHOLE BUILDINGS AS EXHIBITS: BERLIN'S COLOSSAL NEW MUSEUM.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY HORLEMANN. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "APOLLO."



THE MARKET GATE OF MILETOS RECONSTRUCTED IN THE NEW PERGAMON MUSEUM AT BERLIN: A FULL-SIZED RELIC OF IMPERIAL ROMAN ARCHITECTURE IN THE DAYS OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

The magnificent new Pergamon Museum about to be opened in Berlin is described in the current number of "Apollo," by Mr. C. K. Jenkins, who calls it "the first purely architectural museum in the world, planned on a scale that dwarfs all other museums of classical antiquities." He expresses the hope that the projected new setting for the Elgin Marbles will be designed on similar lines. Besides the reconstruction of the great altar of Zeus at Pergamon, from which it takes its name, the museum contains other examples of ancient building and sculpture. "In the room to the right of the central hall (we read) the market

gate from Miletos is being set up, a magnificent specimen of Roman architecture of the Imperial age. The gate was constructed when the Emperor Marcus Aurelius was at war with the Parthians, and, with the remains of Trajan's Temple at Pergamon, and specimens from the Temple of Jupiter at Baalbek, it will present an opportunity for the comparative study of Roman architecture which cannot be obtained anywhere else in the world. For the first time portions of buildings by the greatest architects in antiquity are being erected in their proper size."

The Way of the World Through Women's Eyes.

By "MILLAMANT."



A STRIPED AND SPOTTED JUMPER SUIT: THE COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY AT THE BUCKS COUNTY SHOW.

Originality in jumper suits is difficult to find after so many years of the vogue, but Lady Rosebery has succeeded very happily with this striped and spotted sports suit, which has a scarf to match.

has recently inaugurated an "Aviation Group." The object is to help British aviation generally, by means of lectures showing the urgent need of expansion of commercial and civil aviation; by affiliating every member of the group to the Air League of the British Empire; and, last but perhaps first in importance, by enrolling "Young Air Leaguers"—children and other young relatives of the members, who become entitled to a special Air League badge and are trained to be "air-minded," and to look forward to the time when they will take to the air as a mode of transport as unconcernedly as their parents travel in motors and their grandparents journeyed in trains. Lady Bailey, whose flight to Africa is still fresh in our memory, is the first president of the group, and Mrs. Forbes Sempill, daughter of Sir John Lavery and wife of the popular Master of Sempill, is chairman. The Dowager Lady Swaythling, Lady Apsley, Lady Segrave, and Lady Cobham are also interested in the movement. The group are fortunate to have such valuable support as that of Sir Alan Cobham, who has consented to pilot ten members to Hull and back for the Air Display next month. The inauguration dinner of this enterprising group takes place in a few weeks, at which the guests of honour will be Lady Bailey and Lord Thomson, the Secretary of State for Air.

A "One-Family" Picture Exhibition.

A one-man picture show is almost an everyday occurrence, but an exhibition by eight people, six of whom are closely related, is surely rather remarkable. The exhibition is now in progress at the Brook Street Art Gallery. The idea was conceived by Mrs. Edith H. Thompson, who contributed several charming still-life groups, many of them being flower pictures in the old style, surrounded with painted mounts. "A Bunch from the Garden" and "Tulips" are particularly attractive.

Teaching the Young Idea to be "Air-Minded."

Women are doing a great deal towards helping British aviation. I do not refer only to those few intrepid airwomen who have achieved great flights and whose names have become history, but to numbers of sister-enthusiasts who take an immense interest in flying from the passenger, as well as the from pilot, point of view. A famous women's club in London, for instance,

On an opposite wall hang flower paintings done by her son, C. F. Pinder Thompson, treated in quite a different manner. They are very decorative, posed against black or gold backgrounds, and they would look well in a modern room, where colour and line is all-important. The youngest exhibitor, Miss C. P. S. Otter-Barry, who is only eighteen, is evidently refreshingly uninfluenced by the numerous artists in her family. Her pictures are entirely modern in treatment, and portray charming old corners of Normandy, from whence she has just returned from her holidays. A village fair, with a merry-go-round in full swing, and the "Auberge au Vieux Puits," with its orange shaded tables and gay scarlet flower-beds, are full of vitality conveyed in the impressionist manner.

NOTABLE WOMEN IN NOTABLE FROCKS.

Landscapes from many countries are contributed by Ronald and Isabel Allen, some having been painted at the same moment, and showing an interesting contrast in treatment by husband and wife. Lady Cambridge, who is a personal friend of the family,

opened the exhibition, and looked delightfully cool, on a particularly hot day, in a frock of printed black and white crêpe-de-Chine, and a large shady hat. She could not be prevailed upon to speak, but walked round discussing the pictures with great interest.

Our Grandmothers' Wardrobes Yield the New Fashions.

During the various phases of fashion through which we have passed recently—from the short, tight skirts to the full picture-frocks—there have been many predictions that the modes of our grandmothers would eventually return. We have never taken the suggestion seriously; the modern woman prides herself on the originality and personality of her clothes. Yet this season, suddenly, without any warning, we find ourselves gently but firmly persuaded to wear the "Princess" dress, with high waist and long floating lines to the ground, which reigned supreme at the Court of the late Queen Alexandra. Decidedly the silhouette of this winter differs hardly at all from that of our grandmothers, and some old family chests, long since used for "dressing-up" purposes, might well be raided. One model which came by air from Paris, for example, is of rich brocade with a very high waist indeed, and long trailing skirts which are ankle-length in front and

form a tiny train behind. The back of the frock is gathered with an upward movement to a small bow at the base of the deep "V" décolletage. Plain satin and lace, velvet patterned moiré, and panne are the fashionable materials, and these, too, were favourites of the 'sixties. Only the skirt has altered a little; it is now cut in panels, and is slightly shorter in front. Black, white, jade-green, and a striking shade of prune, are the colours most noticeable amongst the Paris collections.

The Revival of Basques and Petticoats.

Another unexpected return is that of the basque, a stiff little circular frill which is to be seen on several of the new evening frocks. It is introduced particularly on dresses of faille and moiré, for these materials are just heavy enough for the purpose. And more surprising still is a dress of panne or ring velvet with a double underskirt of lace or chiffon, looking exactly like the almost forgotten petticoats. Small capes or "tippets" of fur have also reappeared under the name of autumn bridge wraps. They are carried out in caracul, astrachan, and ermine, all fashionable furs this season. Some have

tall Medici collars standing out stiffly round the head. I have seen a huge collar slit in the centre of the back to allow room for the knot of curls which is once again in vogue. Let us hope, however, that this drastic return to our grandmothers' modes will not also entail the wearing of a real corset in the old-fashioned meaning of the word. That generation firmly believed *il faut souffrir pour être belle*. How will modern woman combine her pride in looking fashionable with her love of practical comfort?



'GHILLIE' SHOES AND A DICE-BOARD SKIRT: MISS GRETA TURNBULL AND MISS DIANA WYLD AT NORTH BERWICK.

Ghillie shoes are the sign of the real enthusiast at North Berwick, and Miss Turnbull is wearing them, with a tweed coat and skirt and a neatly patterned jumper. Miss Wyld has an amusing striped jumper, with the accompanying skirt bordered like a dice-board.



THE RETURN OF THE TAILORED COAT AND SKIRT: LADY LICHFIELD AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY BETTY ANSON, AT THE DERBY RACES.

The coat and skirt is again becoming the dominating costume at race meetings. Lady Lichfield is wearing the newest version with a flared instead of a pleated skirt. Her daughter has a striking "choker" of large painted beads.



CUFF-LINKS AND A BLACK-AND-WHITE FRINGE: MISS ANNA K. ZINKEISEN COMBINES MASCULINE AND FEMININE MODES.

A double-tiered skirt, composed of deep black-and-white silk fringe, is an unexpected dénouement to a frock which has a simple white collar and plain masculine cuffs fastened with links. Miss Anna Zinkeisen, the wearer, is the well-known artist whose work is familiar to all readers of the "Sketch."

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

FESTIVALS.

IN the current week's programmes of the "Promenades" appears an article by Professor E. J. Dent, of Cambridge, entitled "British Music Abroad," which is of considerable interest. Professor Dent says—

The Continent made up its mind long ago that England was an unmusical nation. There was indeed a period—covering the greater part of the nineteenth century—when much the same belief was held in England itself. We owe it to Parry and Stanford that we have recovered our belief in our own music, and that England has once more become a country in which music is seriously cultivated, though it is not recognised by the State except as an object of taxation.

The final sentence is not literally true, but it is true in spirit, for the State does give a small subsidy to the Royal College and to the Royal Academy of Music. It is, however, so small as to be negligible, and has no influence in determining the policy of these schools, since they are dependent for the great bulk of their incomes upon fees. This is a pernicious state of things, as it prevents any serious raising of the general standard at these schools, however much the directors and the staffs might desire it. This is, however, a digression. Professor Dent goes on to say that the Continent knows little of the great change which has taken place in England—

Within the last few years there appeared a book about England under the title of "The Land Without Music." Foreigners in general still believe that England is musically quite uncivilised, and that any foreign musician can make a fortune here on his first appearance. When the foreign musician, as sometimes happens, fails to make the expected fortune, it is but one more proof of our utter unmusicality.

This is perfectly true; but the best-informed opinion upon the Continent has of recent years been learning a little more about England, apart from the admirable propagandist efforts of Professor Dent and others on behalf of British music abroad. In professional circles abroad, there has been no little astonishment at certain strange phenomena. For example, when English critics expressed their poor opinion of some of the distinguished Continental musicians who had been engaged at the Beethoven Festival in Vienna in 1927, the Austrian and German critics could not conceal their astonishment. True, the best

of them had no very high opinion of these same musicians, but they knew the reasons of their engagement; and they were considered good enough for the average German audience and certainly more than good enough for Englishmen. It was therefore astonishing to find Englishmen saying to their German colleagues: "But you have far better artists than these (naming Mr. X, Mr. Y, and Mr. Z.); why aren't they here?"

Another disquieting phenomenon has been the consistent failure in England during the last ten years of many musicians of great reputation abroad. And, to name one concrete example so as not to leave my argument too vague, one of the most disconcerting of all such events has been the unparalleled success in England of the famous Austrian pianist, now Professor at the Berlin Conservatoire, Artur Schnabel. This pianist and composer, who is well known to every serious musician on the Continent, has for years been considered by many to be too much of a good thing even in the most high-brow circles. A wild, untamable personality, a pessimist, an intellectual of the intellectuals and yet no highbrow, and impossible to classify in any category, Artur Schnabel had come to be regarded by German musicians as without a peer, but yet too difficult, too impossible! And this pianist, who makes more exacting demands upon his audiences than any other living, comes to England and has a triumph here, quite unheralded and unadvertised, such as no other foreign musician has had for decades.

No wonder German musicians rub their eyes and wonder whether they are awake or dreaming. It is impossible to reconcile their old theories about the unmusical English with these strange happenings. And at the same time as they are recognising the existence in this country of a highly developed musical critical opinion, they are also becoming aware that there are English musicians of no inconsiderable gifts making music of their own in this country. But this still applies to the few only, and on the whole it still remains true that the majority of foreign musicians still look upon the English as Philistines. As Professor Dent says—

English musicians of to-day resent bitterly, and not without reason, the fact that English music never seems to take its proper place in the world's appreciation. It is true that a small number of musicians abroad know quite well that there is such a thing as English music, both old and new; a few of them show indeed the keenest appre-

ciation and enjoyment of it. But they are a small minority, and their influence on general musical life in their various countries is small. It affords little satisfaction to the ordinary English musician to be told that some Professor at Leipzig has written a learned book upon Dunstable. What the English musician would really like to think is that his own symphonies are performed at Leipzig or Berlin as often as those of Brahms are performed in London or Manchester.

Here, it must be admitted, Professor Dent is asking too much. We shall not make good our claim to recognition and respect by exaggeration. It is ridiculous for any Englishman to expect that the symphonies of any English composer of the last hundred years should be performed abroad as often as those of Brahms are performed in England, because we must admit that there are no English symphonies as good as those of Brahms. Still, there is a great deal of good English music, and much of it has won some recognition abroad. I don't know how often Elgar's "Enigma" variations, for example, appear on Continental programmes, but the work has certainly often been performed, and deserves to be performed. And if we complain that there is other good English music which has been totally neglected abroad, we must not forget that there is also much German music of at any rate equal merit that is never or very rarely performed here. Take, for example, Bruckner and Mahler. Both these composers have as high a reputation in their own countries as Elgar has in this country, yet I have never heard during the last ten years a single performance of any one of Bruckner's numerous symphonies, and only one performance of a work by Mahler. There are also other famous German composers of an older generation contemporary with Elgar and Bantock—Pfitzner, for example—whose compositions are totally unknown in England.

But one of the most powerful influences in making German music known is their admirable system of summer festivals. Returning from the Continent a week ago, I ran into a number of young English musicians returning from the Salzburg Festival. Every year the most energetic and enterprising of our young English musicians travel abroad to these festivals, and, although it is a splendid experience for them, and an excellent habit, we also ought to have our own music festivals in this country. The Three Choirs Festival was until recently the only scheme

[Continued overleaf.]

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Continued.
of this nature in England. This year, fortunately, saw the beginning of a new festival at Canterbury, which we must all fervently hope will become an annual event. But here is an opportunity to some far-sighted and enterprising municipality. Why not Malvern, for example, which has recently distinguished itself by obtaining a municipal theatre and organising a Shaw dramatic festival? Next year, perhaps, the Malvern Town Council will organise a combined music and dramatic festival with a view to making it an annual institution like the Salzburg Festival. If so, I hope that Malvern will take great care to get the best possible advice, and disinterested advice, for here is an ideal situation and an ideal opportunity to do a great beneficial service to the people and to the musicians of England.

W. J. TURNER.

THE GOLDEN GATE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—[Contd. from p. 446.]

gateways (Fig. 5) were, therefore, inserted in the old arches and the entrance space was limited. Later again, perhaps in the tenth or eleventh century, the left entrance was closed altogether, the larger central entrance replaced by the smaller gateway from the left arch, and the whole gate thus allowed only two entrances of equal size. Finally even this was thought to be too dangerous. As more perils threatened the city the gate was put out of use as a gate for traffic, and only one small portal for foot-passengers was left. This final alteration, with the bricking-up of the great gates (except for this small entry), was done at the very close of the Empire, when the Turks were already before the walls.

An interesting relic of the Turkish storming was found below the outer gate. It was a steel helmet of Italian fabric (Fig. 3, page 446), dated to the beginning of the fifteenth century. It must have belonged to one of the Venetian mercenaries under the command of Contarini, who were known to be at the Golden Gate. In Turkish times the Golden Gate formed part of an enclosed fortress known as the "Seven Towers." In it from time to time Ambassadors and others were confined, when Turkey was at war with the countries to which they belonged. The inscriptions these prisoners carved upon the walls of their prison are still to be seen. The most complete (Fig. 8) is that of a Venetian naval commander who spent seven years in the fortress.

CHESS.

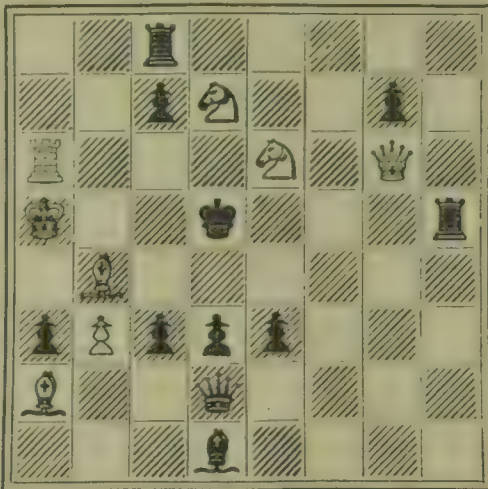
CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresh House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H H SHEPHERD (Madras).—In G.P. XXVI., if White plays 3. PR4? Black escapes by 3. BxPch.
M E JOWETT (Grange-over-Sands).—In Problem No. 4053, if 1. Kt x Kt, B moves, there is no mate; and in G.P. XXIX, if 1. KKt7, Black wins easily by PK4.

PROBLEM No. 4055.—By NORRIS EASTER (BANSTEAD).
BLACK (11 pieces).



WHITE (8 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 2r5; 2pS2p1; R3SrQ1; Kzk3r; 1B6; pPpp3; Bzq4; 3b4.]
White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4053. (By T. C. EVANS, CLAPHAM.)
[2RB4; 7Q; 1P4B1; Kzps2; 1Srk4; 2S5; 3Pb1P1; 1S2R3; in two moves.]

Keymove: QQKt7[Qb7—b7].

If 1. — KK5, 2. RB4; If 1. — QKt any, 2. QxP; if 1. — B any, P x Kt; if 1. — PK5, 2. BB6; if 1. — KkT6, 2. P x Kt; and if 1. — KKt any other, 2. KtB2.

This beautiful idea was anticipated by Juchli in 1895, but we happen to know that Mr. Evans had never seen this problem, and arrived at his position by original methods. Before the key-move is made, the flight-square (e4) is subjected to a double pin (of Kt and B), and the move QQKt7 adds a third pin (of the P on d5), allowing RB4 mate

when the K goes to K5. In addition to the main variation, the control of the flight-square after the various black moves is very adroitly managed. Many solvers have gone wrong with moves like QR4ch and QR5.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4051 from Geo. Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4052 from R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), J S Almeida (Bombay), Senex (Darwen), J W Smedley (Brooklyn), A Heath (Rio de Janeiro), J M K Lupton (Richmond), and H Richards (Hove); of No. 4053 from E Pinkney (Driffield), A G Z (New York), A Edmeston (Llandudno), and J M K Lupton (Richmond); of Game Problem XXVIII. from Qurban Ihsan Ullah (Multan), 50%, J W Smedley (Brooklyn), 50%, A Heath (Rio de Janeiro), 100%, Senex (Darwen), 100%, and Charles Walling (Philadelphia), 100%; and of Game Problem No. XXIX from A G Z (New York), H Richards (Hove), F N (Vigo), Senex (Darwen), and L W Cafferata (Newark).

STARS AND STRIPES.

This swift little scintillation was sent to us by an American correspondent. Considering the fact that it was played by post, it furnishes one of the quickest crashes we can remember in this familiar opening.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (A. H. Beckman, Pitman, N.J.)	BLACK (A. Linden, Jamestown, N.Y.)	WHITE (A. H. Beckman, Pitman, N.J.)	BLACK (A. Linden, Jamestown, N.Y.)
1. PK4	PK4	mate!! And if 10. — BK2,	11. Kt x Ktch, P x Kt; 12. Q x BP,
2. KtKB3	KtQB3	RB1; 13. QR6 wins comfortably.	
3. BkT5	PQR3		
4. BR4	PQ3		
5. Castles	PB4		

This attempt to graft the Schliemann counter-attack on to the Steinitz defence is doubtful strategy of the defence plus defence order.

6. PQ4
7. KtKt5
He must do something against the double threat of P x P or PQ5, but after the text-move, White's superior development looks invincible.

8. Q x P
9. Kt x KP
If 9. — Kt x Kt, 10. Q x Ktch is fatal.
10. RKt1
10. — Kt x Q would be too dangerous, in view of 11. Kt x QP

11. BKt3ch
KtKt3
If 11. — BK3, 12. B x Beh, K x B; 13. Kt x Ktch, KB2; 14. QQ5ch, etc.
12. QQ3
KtK4
He was threatened with mate in three by 13. KtKt3ch, KtK5; 14. Q x Ktch, KB3; 15. KtR5mate; but White's actual thirteenth move shows him all the stars of the national flag in one flash.
13. Kt x QPch!!!
Black resigns, feeling that his thirteenth move will be unlucky, anyway. Of course, if 13. — Kt x Q, there follows the picture-mate of BB7; and if 13. — KR4, 14. R x Ktch settles the business, and Mr. Linden must have begun to bate the postman.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

The match between Alekhin and Bogoljubow which is in progress at Wiesbaden will be followed move by move by thousands of chess-players all over the world, including Capablanca and Niemzowitch, who are both waiting to challenge the winner. The general opinion is that the title is not likely to change owners. Bogoljubow is a bold and ingenious player, and, on occasion, brilliant, but Alekhin adds to these qualities a deadly accuracy in analysis and combination, which we think will prove too much for his fellow exile.

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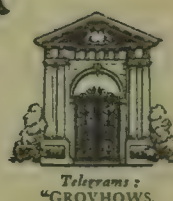
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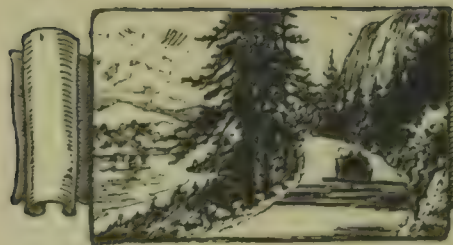
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

POWER AND WEIGHT—THE 16-H.P. SUNBEAM.

ONE of the most interesting sections of the car critic's work is watching the development of the various manufacturers' grasp of that important problem of finding the correct power-to-weight ratio. We have all known for quite a respectable number of years what a part dead-weight plays in

this half-dozen into six totally separate efficiency-classes.

Price No Guide.

Price does not seem to have very much effect, except, of course, in the matter of smoothness of running. One of the best "balanced" cars of about this horse-power I have

driven this year is one of the cheapest, and, although it has not at all a powerful engine, nor a particularly light body, its all-out performance is practically the same as that of a very much more expensive car. In fact, an owner of one of the latter class only the other day pathetically asked me to tell him why he had spent something like £1600 on his admittedly charming motor-car, only to have it at least equalled in the matter of speed on the way down to the Riviera by cars which cost a sixth of that sum.

The Two-Litre Sunbeam.

A car which is, to my mind, an excellent example of the proper study of power-to-weight ratio, is the six-cylinder, 16-h.p. Sunbeam, with a four-door Weymann saloon body. I give it its full title because, presumably, its weight differs from that of the coach-

see as much as one can ever see in this type of carriage. Whatever the weight of this body may be, I shall be surprised to hear that it was not quite considerable. This very pleasant 16-h.p. engine deals with its load as it should. It is a thoroughly lively car, with two particularly good characteristics. It will reach 55 miles an hour in the most deceptively easy manner, and it will pick up from a crawl to top speed almost showily. I do not care so much about the latter quality (although most people do), but that really easy fifty-five with the throttle only three-quarters open is worth a great deal.

Ease of Handling.

She will actually do a little over sixty, on request, which is ample for a car of this type, but at no period are you made aware that the engine has any load to deal with at all. It is one of the easiest cars to handle I know, and therefore one of the most comfortable. The springing is quite first-class, and, except in one particular, gear-changing is as it should be. The length of travel of the gear-lever was too long for real comfort on the car which I tried, but the demonstrator told me that succeeding examples will have a more accessible change-speed.

A Smooth-Running Engine.

There is nothing much to say about the general design of the engine, which differs very slightly from the familiar Sunbeam lay-out. The bore and stroke are 67.5 by 95, instead of the more usual 65 by 100, making the cubic content 2040 c.c. The overhead-valves are operated by push-rod and rocker, and their operation when idling is almost inaudible. The engine is well balanced and it is only at really high revolution rates that any tremor is noticeable. Ignition is by coil and distributor, the clutch is of the single-plate type, and the four-speed gear-box has right-hand change. The gear ratios are 5.5 to 1 top, 9 to 1 third, 12.5 to 1 second, and 21.75 first. These are certainly rather on the low side, especially number three, but, even on the latter, something not far off forty miles an hour can be reached without protest from the engine. The tax rating is £17.

As I have hinted, the car is exceptionally attractive to look at, and is thoroughly well finished and equipped. Both the front and back seats are adjustable for leg-length (a very rare circumstance), and the seat-cushions are loose and filled with down. The price of the car, which is known as the *de luxe* model, is £650. A plainer example can be had for £575.



THE UNINVITED GUEST: A VISITOR TURNS UP TO LUNCH WITH HOLIDAY CARAVANNERS IN THE NEW FOREST, TRAVELLING WITH ONE OF THE NEW MORRIS "ISIS" SIX-CYLINDERS.

spoiling the performance of good cars, but, beyond expecting a light car to be livelier than a heavy one of the same power, few of us ordinary owner-drivers have worried very much about it. We imagine, as a rule correctly, that the solution is more often found by designers of expensive rather than of cheap cars. This is a generalisation pretty well as loose in character as most. During the course of my trials of cars every year, I have come across correct, or at all events satisfactory, power-to-weight ratio in quite moderate-priced cars, as well as in the more expensive type. I have also missed it in dozens of others where I should certainly have expected to find it the subject of particular study. It seems difficult to believe that the great majority of makers do not make a real effort to get the answer right, but cars of practically the same horse-power, and occasionally of the same weight, vary, I find, so much in their performance, that one might well be forgiven for jumping to the conclusion that a good deal of guess-work goes to the answer.

Scientific Weight Distribution.

It is not always a question of reducing the weight of a car to the limits of safety if you want particularly good performance.

The weight has to be distributed scientifically; indeed, I fancy I should not be contradicted if I asserted that, with the knowledge designers have reached to-day, proper distribution is of even greater importance than reduction. We all know the sea of difference there is between a car which sticks to the road and one which slithers and rolls at anything like speed round curves. That difference is the difference between a car you like and feel safe in, and a car you detest and are never comfortable in. Moreover, the chances are that the car which rolls or becomes in the least unhandy at any speed, is going to be soundly beaten in performance by its rival of the same power having, perhaps, considerably more weight properly distributed.

Types which Differ Widely.

The type of car in which I find the greatest difference in this respect is the popular 16-h.p. six-cylinder, with some form of closed body. On reading their various specifications, you would say that, to all intents and purposes, there was practically no difference between half a dozen of them, except in refinement of performance and in price. Yet time and again I have found that a car of this class I have taken out in one week will differ so much from another of apparently exactly the same kind I took out the previous week, that there might be a difference of 8 or 10 h.p. between the two of them. Engine dimensions, compression ratio, engine speed, gearing, and (very important) suspension, may all seem identical, but a run of only one hour over the same stretch of road will be enough to make me put

is the six-cylinder, 16-h.p. Sunbeam, with a four-door Weymann saloon body. I give it its full title because, presumably, its weight differs from that of the coach-

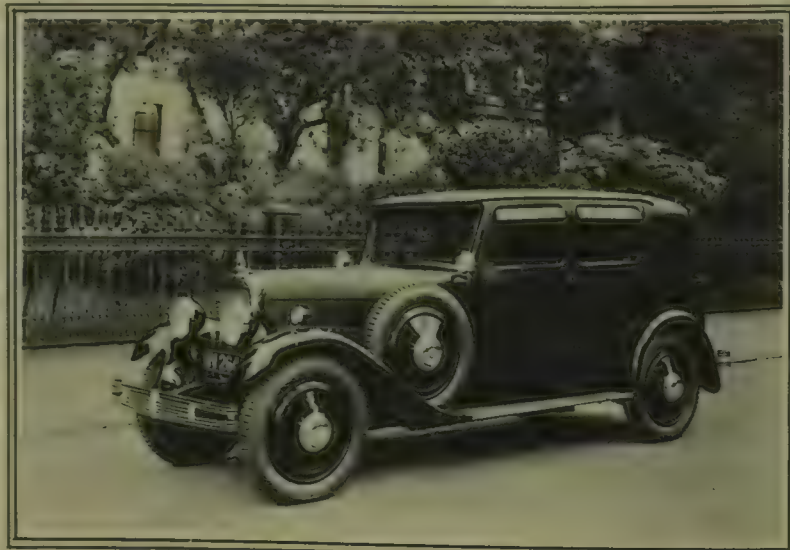


AN EIGHT-CYLINDER SAFETY STUTZ FITTED WITH A SPECIAL WEYMAN LIMOUSINE BODY: A CAR WHICH WAS RECENTLY SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. WARWICK WRIGHT, LTD., TO MME. MAYA DE LISLE.

built model, of which I know nothing. The point that struck me about this car was that an excellent performance is achieved by an engine which is not, I think, particularly powerful, carrying a really full-sized, five-seated saloon.

Real Comfort.

There is no doubt about the roominess of this car. I happen to dislike all saloons, of whatever kind, and very few that I have driven make the slightest appeal to my personal tastes. There is no arguing with an open-air fiend! Once or twice, however, I have driven saloons which I could imagine myself wishing to own, at any rate for a short time, and this Sunbeam is one of them. There is real comfort of the proper kind. There is any amount of head-room, and when you are driving you can



PRINCE GEORGE'S NEW CAR: A 16-95 H.P. ALVIS "SILVER EAGLE" SALOON, WITH SPECIAL BODY-WORK, LATELY SUPPLIED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS BY MESSRS. HENLY'S, LTD.



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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XLIX.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

THOSE who contemplate becoming owners of craft should visit the Shipping Exhibition that has just been opened at Olympia. They must not expect, however, to find a very large number of firms that display motor-cruisers. They will see, though, some that have been built by the leading firms of this country, and compare favourably with any foreign production. I advocate a close inspection of these vessels, even if a purchase is not intended, as the knowledge gained will be useful later on when final decisions have to be taken. As regards marine engines, the visitor may assume that the majority of firms whose engines have proved themselves, are represented, and the choice lies, therefore, from amongst those present.

It goes without saying that it is more important to have a good engine in a boat than in a car, for the consequences of breakdown when afloat may be more serious than when on the road. Some may argue that it is still more important to concentrate on a good hull that does not leak, and has no liability to sink or overturn. There are many, however, who overlook the third requirement, that of having the correct engine to suit the hull installed not only in the right way, but also in the right position in the boat. There is more in the way engines are installed in boats than the average man



A THORNYCROFT 40-FT. "STANDARD CLASS" CABIN CRUISER: A CRAFT TO BE NOTED IN THE SHIPPING EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.

In this cabin-cruiser Messrs. Thornycroft have installed two engines of only 7.9-h.p. each, as they argue that reduced running expenses and absence of noise are more important than high speed. The speed of this boat is 7 to 8 m.p.h. It consumes less than 1½ gallons per hour, requires no paid hand, and, owing to the small engines, has more accommodation.

realises; many good hulls have developed leaks caused by engine vibration due to bad installation, and many good engines have been condemned unjustly for the same reason. Sources of possible trouble of this nature do not end here, for an unsuitable propeller may produce the same effects. It will be seen, therefore, that, to obtain the best results, the responsibility for hull and engines, together with their installation, should not be divided, but vested in one firm. I do not imply by this

that it is bad practice to fit an engine by one maker into a hull built by another, but I strongly advise anyone, in such cases, to listen to the engine-maker's opinion, after he has seen the design of the hull.

Because of possible troubles of the above nature, many owners prefer to deal with firms that build both machinery and hull, and their numbers are on the increase. If this tendency continues, as seems likely, the history of the motor-car trade will be repeated by the engine-builders and "the body-builders" becoming one. Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co. are a good example of this practice, and nothing appears to check their progress. They have a wonderful sales and "service" organisation which, coupled with a high reputation for good workmanship, has made them the largest boat-builders in the Empire. As marine engine-builders, they are, of course, in the highest class, and pride themselves on having an engine-model suitable for every type of motor craft. Their Stands Nos. 9 and 10 at Olympia are an education, though there is only room to show three actual boats, in view of the large number of engines, from 7½ h.p. to 375 h.p., for which space has to be provided. They show an example of a 40-ft. motor-cruiser with twin 7.9-h.p. engines, a 35-m.p.h. speed-boat to seat twelve passengers, and a 30-ft. river-launch.

Far the greater number of craft Messrs. Thornycroft deliver are specially designed to owners' requirements, and range from a 3000-ton merchant ship or a torpedo-boat destroyer to the smallest dinghy. The firm can claim to be the originator of the torpedo-boat, and to all intents and purposes of the speed-boat. The fact that 50 per cent. of their products are exported proves them suitable for any climatic conditions. Actually there is a fourth Thornycroft boat exhibited, for on the Rubber Growers' Association Stand is one of their 25-ft. 18 m.p.h. runabouts. Such vessels are in increasing demand for estate inspection.

I have asked several firms whether they have many orders on hand, and they have all replied that they have "no complaints," so I assume they have many boats on the stocks; I know that Thornycrofts have, for I have been to their yard. This makes me wonder how the "foolish virgins," who do not order their boats now, will fare next year as regards deliveries. It costs no more to order a boat now for next season, in fact, less, so I strongly urge anyone who wants early delivery to do so without delay. I believe this is one of the reasons why the Shipping Exhibition is held in September.

It is regretted that in last week's issue the date mentioned as being that on which the Hon. Mrs. Bruce made her dash across the Channel in a Brooke "Seacar" is incorrect. The date given was that of her latest record, which was made in a Christ-Craft speed-boat, and not in a "Seacar."

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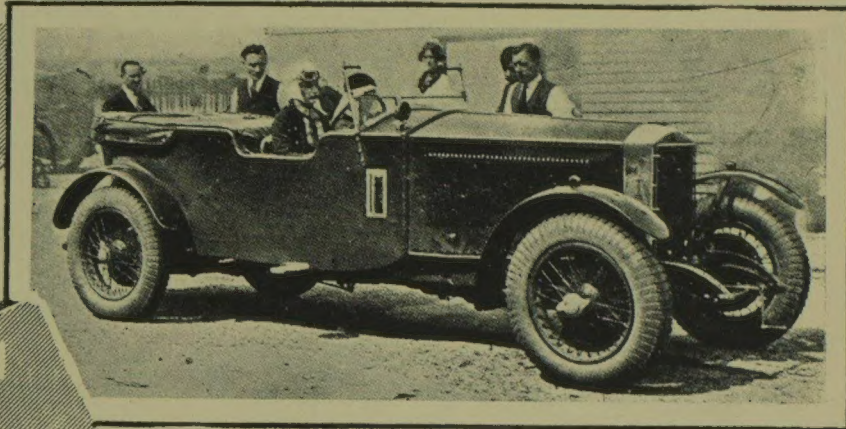
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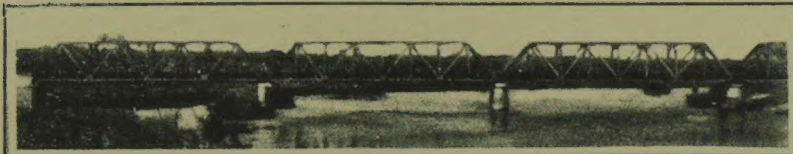
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BROTHERS." AT THE ADELPHI.

THE Adelphi has returned to its old traditions, with Mr. Edgar Wallace as producer, and his production does him credit. Here, in "Brothers," we have melodrama as old in type—in sentiment and ingenuousness—as "The Lyons Mail," or even "The Two Orphans"; but so produced that the action is as swift and lively as that of your most up-to-date crook play or farce. Mr. Herbert Ashton Jun., the author, invites us to contemplate the careers of twin brothers brought up in strongly contrasted environments. Robert, living in the lap of luxury, ought to be good, but isn't; Eddie, whose training college was the New York water-front, is good, though he has to stand his trial for murder, at which he secures acquittal largely through the efforts of Robert, a good enough lawyer, if a bad man. Drug-fiend and murderer, that is what Robert is really. One night Robert is found insensible in a low den; Eddie is persuaded to take Robert's place in his home. The two brothers, of course, are as much alike as Mr. Hartley Power can make them. Eddie wins the heart of Robert's charming fiancée, Roma, and goes through much distress about his masquerade unnecessarily. With Robert conveniently dying, all is made right for the good and poor twin. Mr. Hartley Power does wonders in the way of quick changes; Mr. Ben Welden is picturesque as the owner of a "speak-easy"; and Miss Dorothy Tetley proves a delightful heroine.

"DEAR BRUTUS" REVIVED AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

There are not a few playgoers who rank "Dear Brutus" as their favourite among Sir James Barrie's stage-stories. It has that magic touch of his which endears "Mary Rose" to us all, and it has also a wistful, disturbing idea behind it, an idea which sets us sighing over lost chances and the destiny we make for ourselves by that complex we call our character. Would we, if we were given the opportunity of living our lives over again, shape them differently, or repeat our old mistakes? That is the question the playwright puts to us. In answering his question himself, he gives the inevitable reply: out of his group of restless, self-indulgent moderns, only one, or, at most, two, issue from the experiment of his latter-day Puck with any signs of a change of heart—the rest are as they were. But it is just the exception that helps us to the most beautifully imagined and written scene in the whole Barrie theatre. That



A BRITISH GOLFING TRIUMPH IN FRANCE: ARTHUR HAVERS, AS WINNER OF THE AIX-LES-BAINS TOURNAMENT, WITH THE REVELSTOKE CUP AND SPECIAL PRIZE FOR "BIRDIES."

There was jubilation among the English at Aix-les-Bains when Arthur Havers, the British golfing giant, won the Invitation Tournament with a total of 278 (71, 70, 70, 67). Since winning the open championship of the world by beating Walter Hagen by one stroke, at Troon, some six years ago, Havers has never quite fulfilled expectations, but his return to winning form at Aix is a bright augury. He was awarded the Revelstoke Cup, and the special prize for the most "birdies."

scene in the enchanted wood in which the childless and dissipated artist chaffs, admonishes, companions, adores almost with awe the girl-child of his dreams, is a piece of faultless fancy, as of technique. What acting it needs! What acting it gets at the Playhouse! Sir Gerald du Maurier as the father—could anyone show more delicacy of mood, more cheerfulness of humour, more tenderness disguised under a bluff, casual manner? And Miss Mary Casson as the daughter, is she not just as charming as Miss Faith Celli's bobbed-haired girl, and doesn't she even get a little nearer the author's intention with her slightly old-fashioned air? Perfect performances both, as are those of Mr. Norman Forbes in his old part of Mr. Coade, and Mr. Hay Petrie as the elderly Puck.

THE CO-OPTIMISTS' NEW PROGRAMME.

It was a wise decision which arranged that the presentation of the Co-Optimists' new programme at the Vaudeville should coincide with the return of Mr. Gilbert Childs to the company of his old colleagues. The recall of this prime humorist strengthens the troupe just at the point where strength was needed, and it is a joy to find him bringing back with him that full-blooded piece of comicality, "The Rich Man Rides by in His Carriage." But welcome though Mr. Childs's fruity style may be, here is no one-man show. The virtue of the Co-Optimists as entertainers is that each and every member of their body does his or her bit, and it is appropriate that the happiest turn in the new bill should be that in which every one of them has a hand. Watch them as they convert themselves into the Co-Optimist Choral Society, and you will understand how they earned and why they maintain their vogue. Their antics and their ensemble are things not to be described but to be enjoyed. Meantime, there is Miss Phyllis Monkman's dancing, Mr. Melville Gideon's and Miss Elsa Macfarlane's songs, Miss Betty Chester's drollery, Mr. Stanley Holloway's acting and singing, and Mr. Davy Burnaby's geniality as general whipper-in, to give individuality and variety to what is as diverting an after-dinner entertainment as any Londoner could want.

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Believe me, yours very truly

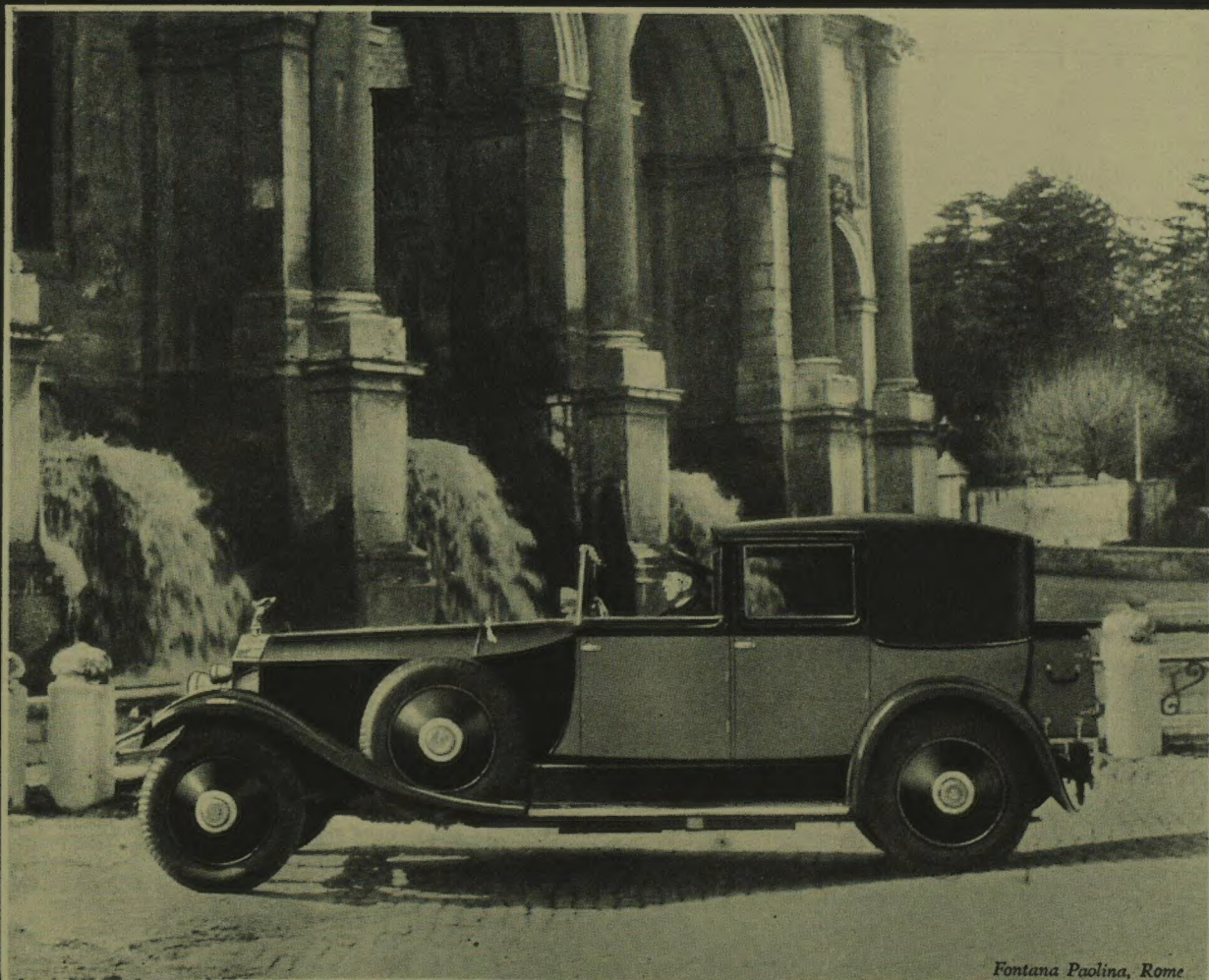
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ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

BY PROTONIUS.

THE SPRINGTIME OF THE LIGHTING YEAR.

TO a large extent, our domestic habits are controlled by the seasons in ways from which we cannot escape. Our reactions to the changes of the months are not, however, always inevitable or even rational. For example, we rarely give a thought during the summer months to the subject of lighting; we wait until the indrawing evenings and the cessation of "Summer Time" put us in a proper frame of mind for thinking of our comfort and convenience under artificial light. Nevertheless, it is precisely during the summer months that we can most advantageously review this question of home lighting. It is then that electrical firms are "enjoying" a relatively quiet time, and can carry out any overhauls, repairs, or improvements on the most favourable terms, and with least disturbance to our domestic routine. But the psychological effect of long, bright days is so powerful that we put the matter off until the approach of winter, and thus make the autumn the springtime of the lighting year.

Many people, it must be confessed, never give much thought to this subject at any season. They go on year after year with the same old lighting equipment and limit their activities to the purchase of lamps when required. These ultra-conservatives are depriving themselves of the benefits which science is anxious to confer upon them. Although not now "in its infancy"—as the popular phrase used to run—the electrical industry is still rapidly progressing, and every year brings some advance which means better service and bigger savings to the public.

There are several things which the user of electric light may be advised to do at this season. One is to have his wiring system tested and overhauled. It is a remarkable tribute to the reliability of electricity that we rarely give a thought to inspecting wires which may have been in service twenty, thirty, or forty years. But even though our cable-makers were the first to "rationalise" their industry, and many years ago set up standards of quality which have become world-wide, the best of cables are not immortal. A brief and inexpensive test will prove whether they are still in good condition, and it will prevent irritating interruptions due to fuses blowing.

At the same time, the flexible connections of standard lamps, pull-up-and-down fittings, and utensils such as electric-irons and kettles, should be examined, as they are subject to especial wear and tear. Renewals can be made at a trifling cost, and they ensure safe and satisfactory service.

The next suggestion is for a definite addition to the usual electrical equipment in a house. When electric light was first introduced, the usual installations followed the gas model, with one or more pendant fittings according to the size of the room. Only a grudging use was made of wall-plugs, to which standard lamps could be attached. Such limitations were natural enough when electricity was comparatively expensive. But to-day, with current becoming steadily cheaper, with lamps far more efficient than they used to be, and with a host of opportunities for using electricity for other purposes than lighting, people deprive themselves of many comforts and labour-saving conveniences by not having one or more additional outlets in every room.

Incidentally, the addition of more outlets will enable the volume and character of the lighting to be brought up to modern standards. Broadly, the best way of lighting a room is to arrange for general illumination—a soft flood of light uniformly distributed—supplemented by floor or table standard lamps to give additional light for reading and working. In many cases it may be that this ideal cannot be attained with the existing fittings, which may belong to a primitive stage in the evolution of electric light, and therefore ought to be replaced by more efficient forms. But whether the fittings are ancient or modern, a definite improvement in the quality of the lighting can be enjoyed simply by using the latest types of electric lamp. After many years of research and experiment, the electrical industry has produced lamps which are in themselves a source of the soft, diffused light required for perfect illumination.

In these lamps—known as "pearl" or "opal"—the bulb is internally frosted or rendered lightly opalescent, so that, with a trifling loss of light, an ideal softness is secured. They are really more efficient as illuminants than the clear bulb lamps, and as they are equally robust, cheap, and long-lived, they ought to come rapidly into general use. It is not too much to say that by this change alone a revolution has been effected in domestic lighting.

"THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRES."

(Continued from Page 448.)

438 as the "Number of Citizens whose death has not been authenticated or who disappeared."

Equally hidden is the tally of the "executioners"—orgiastic enthusiasts and lusty professionals. "Gangs," says an authority who prefers safety first; "three hundred hired assassins" declares another. M. Lenotre argues: "... only a small number, twelve or fifteen at most at La Force, perhaps a score at the Abbaye, and ten or a dozen at the Carmelite Convent, of course without counting those who were merely amusing themselves or working as amateurs."

"One does not write the history of wolves," said Peltier; but that was not the only reason for reticence, and alibis and denials did not account for all the acquittals of men challenged as *Septembriseurs*. Let me quote from our author's preface to his Part IV.—"Statements by the Murderers": "When the dark days were past, an enquiry was opened under the pressure of public opinion, into the conduct of those who were most compromised; about fifty were found, and charged by the police. . . . But these men still inspired fear. Only three of them, Big Nicolas, Damiens and Bourre, were found guilty and sentenced on the 23rd and 24th Floréal in the Year IV. to twenty years in irons. The jury found that the others—even those who had signed their names and received pay—were not convicted of the crime." Five years later, the authorities struck again—and sixteen were placed under supervision!

And now, for the rest of the story, let me advise you, in the best instalment-ending manner, to seek the volume of M. Lenotre. Many will do so and many should, although some of them, as I have said before, will sigh on occasion for the large hat of the Old Man, however truly thankful they may be to the September saviours. "There were one hundred and fifty murderers. How much greater was the number of those who, not always successfully, risked their lives to save poor wretches whose very names they did not know and from whom they took no reward. These are the heroic supernumeraries whom we must watch as the drama unfolds; they help to make bearable scenes of horror which, in their absence, one would hesitate to present."

"Which when they had read, they rejoiced for the consolation."
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